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ARGUS

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AUG 21 1970

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they snatched him, pun/ i mean and shit if pun...
been at it /9 months now 9/ months/ now/. the
flip of a synapse and this steel/smelling
gun, barrel just below the hair/line and what
could he say but how's the weather? make one move
mother/fucker and i'll blow your brains/out (eliot
ness is heard gently to say.)

and now this empty fear: they do know. they are
everywhere. you will get caught. you can't/
escape.

but dig. pig/technology never caught no pun/no, pun
had to back right/into their hands for the clutch O/
beercan adventurism of thee i/sing:

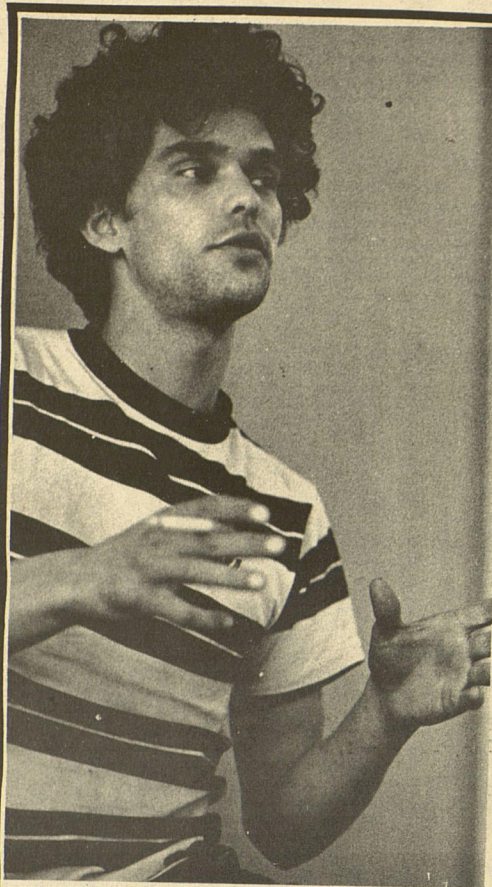
from this beercan we pour amber fizzing/lessons:
heady brew/drunken with the certainty of victory. we/
wet out lips with this newscast and dig/ it: it will/
not happen again. and the F.B.I. C.I.A. P.I.G. DEPT'
with all their lowbrimmed dark shadowy secret wave
radio ways, can't /find a needle in a multitude or a
revolutionary/ in a hey!stack.

we are not we inform you/
afraid.

-detroit annie

ANN ARBOR ARGUS NEWSPAPER, INC. ISSUE 26-5 AUGUST-12 AUGUST

WHITE PANTHER COMMUNITY NEWS SERVICE



PUN PLAMONDON
MINISTER OF DEFENSE, W. P. P.
WAYNE COUNTY JAIL
525 CLINTON
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

30 July 1970
Second Year of Zenta

On 23 July 1970, the day the Sun went into Leo, Pun Plamondon, Minister of Defense for the White Panther Party, beautiful FREEK of the universe, honored with being one of the 10-Most Wanted men by the FBI here in the asshole of the octopus, was captured. He was captured mainly because of a stupid mistake, in direct violation of the White Panther Party 10-Point Program:

4. We want a clean planet and a healthy people. We want to eliminate all industrial and military pollution of the land, the water, and air, and the universe itself, and of the people of the earth whose minds and bodies are now polluted by the products and the propaganda of the consumer/war society. We want to restore the ecological balance of the planet and secure the future of humanity and its environs.

Pun was captured because beer cans were thrown out the window of the car he was riding in, a stupid mistake with enormous repercussions we should all learn from. It's true that it has caused a crisis in the White Panther Party (Skip Taube, Minister of the Interior, and Jack Forrest, Detroit Regional Minister of Education, were captured with him), but we have gone through many before this, and will no doubt go through many more before achieving final victory for the life culture of Woodstock Nation over the death culture of Pig Nation now in power.

This is not a time of sorrow. It is through struggle that we come together. Regis Debray writes, "For a revolutionary, failure is a springboard. As a source of theory it is richer than victory: it accumulates experience and knowledge." Pun has been my partner, my other half, for three years now. As we both became more and more revolutionary our personal lives meant less and less to us. We have been separated for ten months now, ever since he was forced underground with the CIA conspiracy indictment handed down last year on my birthday, October 7, 1969. As we become more revolutionary we learn more the true meaning of love—Pun is my other half, a true revolutionary brother.

This morning I received a letter from a White Panther brother in Wisconsin. He writes:

I guess I had two different reactions to Pun's bust, one was just this incredible sorrow for you as his lover and his closest comrade in the struggle, and one for the Party as a whole and the terrible drain this would put on our time and energies. . . It was bad enough when he was on the run (for you), never knowing if he was dead or alive or where he was sleeping that night or any of those very personal things we get to know from loving someone. But now with a price of \$100,000 on his head and a possible lifetime in jail ahead. . . well, how does it feel?

Well, I'll tell you sisters and brothers. It feels like

we've got a long hard struggle ahead of us. It feels like we've got to get our shit together and move ahead from where we're at now. It feels awful to be separated from my other half, I'm not going to pretend I'm unfeeling about that, but I'm pissed off! Another revolutionary brother has been ripped off by pigs. I'm not the tearful wife so many people expect me to be. I'm a Red Star Sister of the White Panther Party and I'm ready to deal with whatever struggle is put before me to achieve liberation for the youth colony I'm part of, for Woodstock Nation, and finally for all peoples of our planet.

"Power is the ability to define phenomena and make them act in a desired manner." (Huey Newton) I have defined my life as a Red Star Sister of the White Panther Party and it is not desirable to act as a tearful wife. It is desirable that every body on the planet is able to define her/his own life. Women have had our lives defined to us in a bullshit role for too long—I refuse to accept that pig definition. Point number five of the White Panther Party 10-Point Program is:

5. We want a free educational system that will teach each man, woman, and child on earth exactly what each needs to know to survive and grow into his or her full human potential.

We must all begin to define our lives. In order to do that we must struggle diligently, overcome any hardships we may face, and move forward to victory, to self-determination for all peoples. The White Panther Party is strong and becoming stronger with each new struggle before us—WE WILL NOT BE FUCKED WITH!

Again Regis Debray, writing about the Latin American struggle:

... These errors, these misunderstandings have been paid for. At not too high a price if we compare with the disasters, repeated over so many years, in the first war of liberation from Spain. A reading of Bolivar's biography reveals an enormous amount about war and about America—including valid lessons for today's American revolutionary wars. The most valuable of these: tenacity. Five times expelled from American soil within four years, defeated, ridiculed, alone, and with an obstinacy characterized as insanity, five times he returned, and won his first victory, at Boyaca. Each time he learned a little more. . .

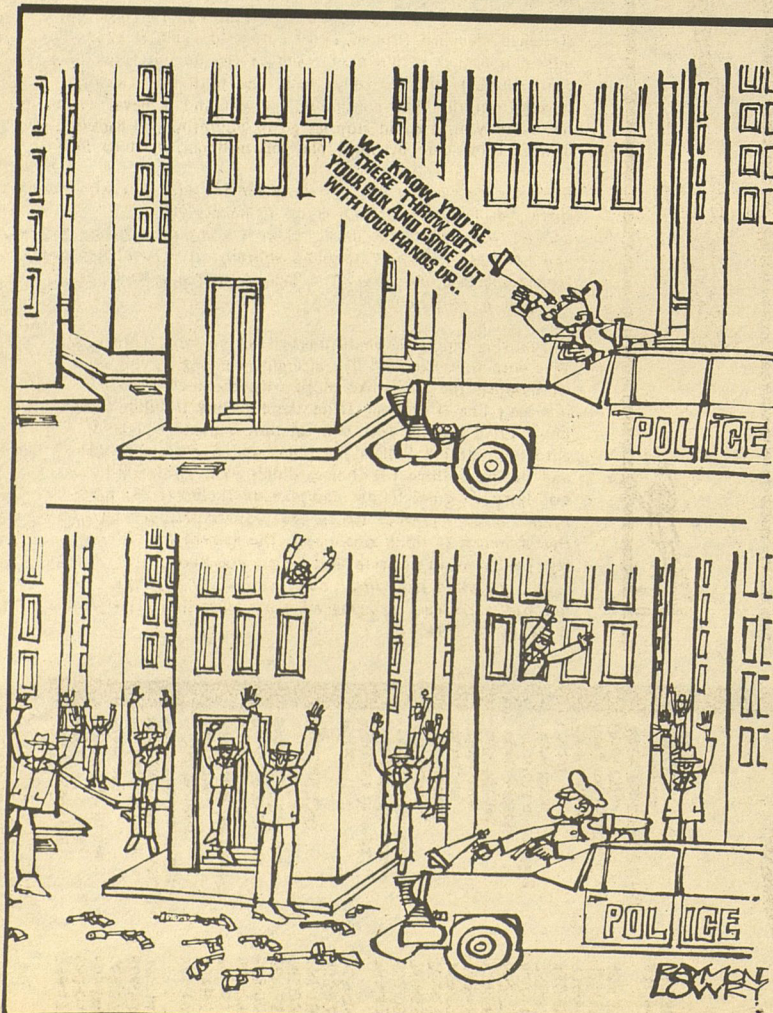
In the same letter from the White Panther brother I received this morning he ended by saying:

The East is Red, Genie. It's the glow of the sunrise of the New Age. Sometimes you can't hardly see it for the clouds, but it always breaks on through to that other side. And I know that someday that sun will shine on all of us: on Pun, on John, on Huey, on Bobby, on you and me. Be strong! Be brave! Be beautiful!

Right on Sisters & Brothers!

ALL POWER TO ALL THE PEOPLE!
STRUGGLE UNTIL VICTORY!
REVOLUTION IS THE WAY TO LIFE!

Genie Plamondon
Minister of International Affairs



legal defense is expensive...

Jails are special things, 'specially fucked. There is no crime imaginable for which imprisonment is a fit and rational punishment, except for the crime of imprisonment. There is no game in which the stakes can fairly be set at your time (so little time to go around). And it is especially poor gamesmanship for only one team to have the power of incarceration; to walk away from a day of crimes, free, because the games are over, and await the trials of the other team. Your broken head will mend, your swollen eye will be fine soon. Your cuts and wounds will heal. If it comes to that, you will learn to use crutches and chairs. If you're dead, you have nothing to lose, only a new karmic level to adjust to, but who will give you back your time? Support the defense fund.

PICK ONE \$SAVE HIM 30 YEARS...
JOHN □ PUN □ SKIP □ JACK □

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____
HOW MUCH _____

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!!!

REPRESSION

DETROIT

Nobody will ever know what would have happened if the Detroit police had carried out their planned attempt to attack and destroy the National Committee to Combat Fascism.

The aftermath would have been predictable—millions of people would wake up to a pack of lies about the battle in their morning paper. Some would question what they read, but most would believe it. . . fascist, racists and anti-human goons would chuckle while the rest of the population would show everything from apathy to ineffective anger.

In the radical white community, there would be shock and outrage.

BUT shock and outrage doesn't mean much to men and women fighting for their lives against the merciless onslaught of the racist pigs.

What did happen last Thursday night, 30 July, was something else again.

No shots were fired—nothing appeared in the NEWS or "FREE" PRESS' but the people won an important victory.

Early that Thursday morning, Detroit pigs invaded the community in which the National Committee maintains their west-side office at 2219 Indiantale.

Members of this community had changed the area street signs to make them relevant to their lives and struggles: Indiantale had been renamed Panther Avenue, stop signs read POWER TO THE PEOPLE, and parking regulations were replaced with revolutionary posters. These gun-toting chomps thought they could just cruise in and replace the people's culture with their honky mindless signs which had already been rejected once before.

The pigs reckoned wrong. When a dark, unmarked station wagon cruised down the street a short while later bearing three piggish-looking dudes snapping pictures of the Committee office and surroundings, it caught a few bullets from an angry neighborhood resident.

It turned out that the car belonged to WKBD (TV channel 50) who quickly notified their friends in blue of this incident. Much to their disappointment, KBD was told by the police department that no immediate action could be taken.

In newspaper and radio accounts the shooting was attributed to the National Committee to Combat Fascism, and it was explained that there could be no warrant or investigation due to "insufficient evidence."

DON'T BELIEVE THAT SHIT!!!!

The pigs have never declined to move on oppressed people due to insufficient evidence. The only reason that they did not investigate is that black people who have educated and armed themselves have no intention of idly submitting to the brutal and racist manner of "investigation" that the pigs have demonstrated in dealing with this kind of situation.

By no means was this incident just forgotten! It became a crucial part of a national plan; total destruction of the Black Panther Party and its organizing arm, the Committee to Combat Fascism.

All that Thursday, things grew ominous. Half-tracks, which are tank-like armored vehicles armed with housewrecking .50 caliber machine guns, appeared out of nowhere in the parking lot of the 10th Precinct on Livernois and Elmhurst. One of the Committee members who was arrested that day was brutalized, half-blinded by a chemical the pigs sprayed in his eyes, told that his office would be attacked that night, and released.

White movement groups in the city were largely unaware of the building trouble. The pigs assume that white peoples' racism and apathy will keep them from acting in defense of black people. Black brothers and sisters have accepted the necessity of going it alone.

On a tip, three of us from the White

Panther Party went over to the Indiantale office. It was about 1:00 AM; the streets were empty and the air deathly still. Within the office and community, people were calm and prepared. Their high revolutionary spirits in the face of a probable all-out war were inspirational, just as our presence among them was a statement of solidarity.

As we talked quietly, we realized that it was wrong to be resigned to the possibility of never seeing our brothers and sisters again. There was much we could do to define the situation and prevent a victory for the pigs.

We split for home eager to begin work. We grabbed the phone and put our telephone tree into operation. We began calling friends and community workers who could in turn call their friends and community contacts and rapidly spread information concerning the plight of our brothers and sisters. All who were called were asked to call the Police Department, particularly the 10th precinct, and ask as concerned citizens just exactly why there were TANKS seen in the precinct parking lot.

Some of us called downtown and it soon became apparent that the pigs were freaking out because hundreds of irate people were calling them at 2:00 AM DEMANDING TO KNOW about a situation which the pigs assumed was top-secret. They must have been pissing and moaning when "respectable" liberals started calling.

As more and more people got hip to what was happening, a beautiful spirit and willingness to deal with the situation arose in them. Suggestions were quickly made, discussed and acted upon.

It was agreed that women and men should be placed in both Committee neighborhoods (the Committee also has an east side office on Mack Ave.) and that others should survey the 10th precinct so that nothing could slide in and out unnoticed—particularly something the size of a tank.

Within 20 minutes of our arrival at White Panther headquarters, the pigs were jammed up tight. The people had shown their awareness of what was going down and their willingness and ability to prevent it.

No white revolutionaries were about to snore through this night.

No one can say for sure if these actions prevented the vamp, because no one can really know whether it would have come down had we not moved. But we know it would be foolish to say that it couldn't happen. . . it has been happening all over AmeriKKKa, and it would have been criminal to ignore the situation out of apathy.

But we did move, and we can learn from this how to move again and move more effectively. The key to our success was organization and co-operation.

Organization comes through such measures as establishing a working telephone tree (a list of phone numbers which all members have—everybody calls two or three others) and applying discipline to its use.

People must resolve clearly in their minds that when any of us in the struggle is endangered, the struggle itself is threatened and we must respond to this, in spite of the racism and hatred that Honkamerika has instilled in us.

By applying these principles last Thursday night, we saw for ourselves the power that people can exert. . .

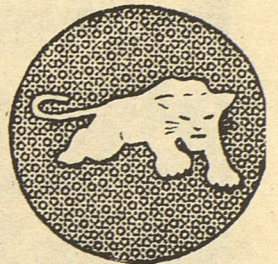
THE SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE IS STRONGER THAN THE PIG'S TECHNOLOGY.

We began to understand that community control of police is not only necessary, but possible. . . We can stay alive if we can stay together.

David Gaynes
Deputy Minister of Information
Detroit Regional White Panther Party



The Portland, Oregon White Panthers were vamped on when Holly Preuss, Deputy Minister of Defense, Dick Carasco, medical cadre, and Bob Yaple, Deputy Minister of Information, were arrested in Berkeley, California for "carrying a concealed, loaded weapon." The two dudes were wearing ordinary hunting knives on their belts, and didn't even have shirts on at the time they were arrested. The pigs found a pistol in the Panthers' car. The Panthers were taken to a Berkeley jail, then to Santa Rita County Prison, and then interrogated by the local FBI.



mean-while, in the park

an easy fire, sky rider sun, and more faces than usual to be ignited. the sunday concerts in the park made a flash in the pan premiere on a higher karmic level—festival? no, higher than that. no hype here, no superstars, no gate fee (cause they (who?) can afford it) no not festival, not bands getting off on their own professionalism. nope. that's what it wasn't.

the unimaginable Up broke away, a higher Up than i've ever seen partaking of the magic of the day, to drag an at first unwilling crowd HIGHER (higher!) and Teegarden & Van Winkle sashayed through 3 or 4 spiffy tunes before bringing on "some hitchhiker we picked up on the way here an' he keeps sayin' 'i cn sing i cn sing honest guys i cn sing' so we thought whut the fuck. . ." and that hitchhiker that mitch rider brought the easy sky ridin sun down through the now outstretched clenched fists of every corporeal being (i swear he missed not one) within easy reach of the demon force field, down through yr arms to yr belly and burn there a while, burning out the time continuum context and it never even occurs to you it could stop/let go of you/drop you back/fall you, down. (how dare he stop! play on madman, burn us out)

like what i mean is i dug the show and i'm sure you who were there can testify (are you ready to testify?!!) and do you still call it music when it grabs your strings and up drags this body spinning willfully to dances never taught one two one two, force lines to your hips your feet? still call it only music?

and moving among the multitudes streaming from the park still alive with fires like love like afterglow—among us this dude who ripped the scene like cloth with shots with crazy. it wasn't like it was me lying there feeling it i/didn't even know till a running fear blur all purple pants and cold/automatic steel 8 bullets she holds and five are/gone (5) and he holds three (3) (holes) didn't even know till/he was lying so quiet hardly complaining the/holes (3) neat, round, black. powder stencil the pattern is/close. two to the abdomen (i think one/maybe the spleen) one to the leg (hardly worth mention) but i guess you know. what i mean is his lips/white like snow: cold (i'm telling lies/"it's. . . not bad") his hand wringing mine for relief that drips when it needs to flow.

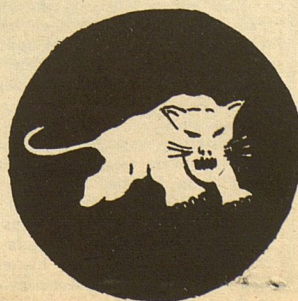
—altamont annie

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FREE LOS SIETE NOW!

SAN FRANCISCO—Seven men have been charged with the killing of Joe Brodnick. They are known as *Los Siete de la Raza*. The police claim that seven men were approached by McGoran and Brodnick. They say that the men jumped McGoran, took his gun and shot Brodnick. The seven were identified as Tony and Mario Martinez, Gary Lescallet, Jose Rios, BeBe Melendez, Nelson Rodriguez and Gio Lopez (all between seventeen and twenty-one years old). A week after the shooting, six of the men were arrested and charged with murder. Gio Lopez is still free. The six have been in San Francisco City Jail, refused bail, for over one year awaiting trial.

All the details of what happened are not yet clear. What is certain is that the police story does not hold together and that the chief prosecution witness, Paul McGoran, had contradicted himself time after time on the witness stand.

After two weeks on the witness stand, undergoing heavy cross examination by the four defense attorneys, Officer Paul McGoran has had it. The surviving cop from the May Day 1969 shooting has admitted that he did not know who, besides Gary Lescallet and Jose Rios, was really there or what they did, when Officer Joseph Brodnick was killed.

McGoran stated under cross-examination that Mario Martinez sat on the front steps of the house on Alvarado throughout the incident; he did nothing. Tony Martinez and Danilo Melendez, according to McGoran, went upstairs to get their ID when asked to do so by Brodnick, and had not come back downstairs by the time the shooting happened.

McGoran has had to use Valium, a powerful tranquilizer, to hide his real nature from the jury. Of a prescription of 100 given him on 13 April 1970, he only took five as needed between then and 6 July, when he came on the witness stand. He has consumed 66 of the pills since then.

Because of this the defense has not been able to show him as he really is to the jury. The California Evidence Code considers evidence of prior acts of violence by an alleged victim of an assault admissible evidence. Judge Mana has restricted the defense attorneys in their efforts to go into McGoran's prior record, ruling that they may bring witnesses about this during the defense presentation.

Several times during cross-examination, McGoran was asked the same questions he had been asked in previous hearings. When his answer was different, the attorney would read the previous transcript, and ask McGoran "why you feel it necessary to launder your testimony," in the words of Charles Garry, chief defense attorney. By the end of the cross-examination, McGoran had been picked to pieces by the defense. Only his intake of tranquilizers allowed him to maintain his cool before the jury.

Under re-direct examination, McGoran told prosecutor Tom Norman that he was taking Valium because he was worried, having been "threatened in the courtroom" during a previous hearing. Under examination by the defense, he stated that he had been threatened by two people in the courtroom audience, who had mouthed words at him. "I can read lips," he declared.

The second eyewitness to the incident, Mrs. Irene Jarzyna, who lived across the

street from the scene of the shooting, completely contradicted McGoran's testimony. McGoran said that all six of the men were wearing dark clothing. Mrs. Jarzyna said that the ones she could identify were wearing light-colored clothing. She identified a short, stocky boy... about 5'3" as having been the gunman.

McGoran testified Gary Lescallet as having wielded the gun. He is the tallest of the group. McGoran said he was shot at, too. Mrs. Jarzyna said both shots were directed at Brodnick. McGoran said he had grabbed Gary Lescallet by the lapels, starting a fight that ended in his partner's death. Mrs. Jarzyna said McGoran grabbed Lescallet by the throat and pushed him against the wall several times.

Mrs. Jarzyna herself was caught with inconsistencies in her testimony under cross-examination by Garry. She said

at first she had not been at the police line-up after the six were arrested. She later admitted she had been there. She said she had worn her glasses throughout the line-up. Garry produced an official police photograph showing her at the line-up without her glasses. The same kind of inconsistencies have developed at nearly every point in her testimony. The cross-examination by the other three attorneys will continue next week.

In further developments, *Los Siete de la Raza*, the defense organization, has called for a national demonstration in San Francisco on 19 August 1970, to support the brothers while the trial is going on. The demonstration will be held in San Francisco's downtown Civic Center Plaza, and will feature speakers on political prisoners throughout the country. For further information, the organization can be contacted at (415) 626-9090.



blows to the empire

THE PENTAGON IS MISSING MEN

WASHINGTON, D. C. (LNS)—The Army's own records show that over 80,000 GIs are missing, according to a reliable Pentagon contact. To combat this problem, the Army has recently established a 300-man team whose sole job is to track down the 80,000 names to see if they belong to people.

GIs have been submitting a large number of fake change-of-duty forms to jam the bureaucratic records, permitting themselves and others to desert more safely. The Marine Corps desertion rate is up 50% over last year, and late reports from Vietnam indicate that 10 GIs split from U.S. ranks each day. Persistent rumors say that many, especially deserters who are black, are now fighting with the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam.

the marchers was a group of American liberals including Episcopalian Bishop Paul Moore and Sam Brown of the Vietnam Moratorium Committee. Both men are part of an international group organized by the Quaker Fellowship of Reconciliation to seek out local pacifists, according to the Washington Post.

Riot police broke up the rally with tear gas and clubs, as they have done repeatedly against students and workers who demonstrate against the Thieu government and for immediate withdrawal of U. S. troops from their country. Among those arrested in the current demonstration were three American newsmen who were wearing black armbands given them by the demonstrating students. One of the newsmen—John Steinbeck IV, son of the famous novelist and a former soldier in Vietnam—had his credentials cancelled by his employer CBS News as a result of his involvement in the demonstration.

to identify anyone involved in the anti-ROTC incidents. . .


"In discussing the inability of the Federal Government to make more than three arrests, a Justice Department official said: 'If we could identify more, we would prosecute. We have some tough laws on the books.'

"The Pentagon, after detailed investigation, reported that most of the violence was intended as a protest against the war in Southeast Asia.

"There is a suspicion, however, among both military and federal law-enforcement officers, that some of the violence was perpetuated by radical groups with a wider goal: the overthrow of the 'Establishment.'" Right on.

SAIGON STUDENTS BATTLE POLICE

SAIGON (LNS)—Over 1,000 South Vietnamese students battled police here on 11 July in the midst of an attempted march on the American Embassy. Among



Conspiracy 8


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ROTC TAKES A BEATING

WASHINGTON, D. C. (LNS)—Ten years ago, nearly 30,000 students were enrolled in college ROTC programs. Last year, 1969-70, barely half that number turned out. And over 73 ROTC buildings were targets of attack by fire or explosives. Pentagon records list more than 400 anti-ROTC incidents in the last college year, actions involving tens of thousands of American college students.

The information comes from a 29 June report in U.S. News & World Report. The following excerpts are particularly telling:

"There have been only three arrests on federal charges of sabotage and destruction of government property.

"Law-enforcement officials, State and federal, complain they have trouble getting students or school authorities

JULY 26: VICTORY OF

July 26, 1970
The Motor City

This is the third communication from the Weatherman underground.

With other revolutionaries all over the planet, Weatherman is celebrating the 11th anniversary of the Cuban revolution. Today we attack with rocks, riots and bombs the greatest killer-pig ever known to man—Amerikan imperialism.

Everywhere we see the growth of revolutionary culture and the ways in which every move of the monster-state tightens the noose around its own neck.

A year ago people thought it can't happen here. Look at where we've come:

Nixon invades Cambodia; the Cong and all of Indochina spread the already rebelling US troops thin. Ahmed is a prisoner; Rap is free and fighting. Fred Hampton is murdered; the brothers at Soledad avege — "2 down and one to go." Pun and several Weatherman are ripped; we run free. Mitchell indicts 8 or 10 or 13; hundreds of thousands of freeks plot to build a new world on the ruins of honk Amerika.

And to General Mitchell we say: Don't look for us, Dog; We'll find you first.
For the Central Committee, Weatherman Underground

July 26, the 11th Anniversary of Socialist Cuba, was marked by a number of tactical offensives against significant targets. Some of the actions were well planned and highly successful.

***At Camp McCoy, near Sparta, Wisconsin, three bombs exploded. One bomb was placed under a building containing the military camp's telephone switchboard, knocking out nearly all of the telephones on the camp. Another explosion hit the camp's main electrical plant, causing extensive damage. The third bomb was placed near the concrete wall of a water reservoir, but the charge proved to be insufficient to destroy the concrete. The bombs were probably dynamite. No one was injured.

***Power lines were downed in northern Nevada. A police official said the poles were felled "by someone using a cutting torch. He cut the guy wires and the poles fell, bringing the wires with them." The 800,000-volt lines were carrying 300,000 kilowatts to Los Angeles

from the Bonneville Power Administration in Oregon. A reserve apparatus in the power system immediately went into operation and there was no loss of power. ***A time bomb was disarmed in the main lobby of the Los Angeles Times. The device was a pipe bomb containing black powder. Police disarmed the bomb 45 minutes after it was supposed to have gone off. The timing part of the bomb was a stopwatch, and the power to detonate the charge was provided by a transistor radio battery. The mechanism malfunctioned somehow and police said the device could have gone off at any time.

***Raiders dressed in Marine fatigues stole nine M-1 and M-16 automatic rifles and an automatic pistol at Camp Pendleton, California, 10 miles from the Western White House. A sentry was hit on the head and dazed. On 26 Feb., the same camp had been ripped off for ten rifles. Also, on 14 April, six machine guns and 30 rifles were stolen.

PEOPLE'S WAR

STORM FRONT

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT INDICTS
13 WEATHERMEN

23 JULY—A federal grand jury in Detroit indicted 13 Weatherman leaders for conspiracy in connection with the bombing campaign, which the government says was organized at the Weatherman War Council in Flint last December. Of the 13 indicted, 10 were already fugitives from the law because of a variety of earlier indictments. The 3 non-fugitives were quickly rounded up. Linda Evans and Diane Donghi were arrested in New York 15 April, Evans as a defendant in a Chicago conspiracy charge and Donghi on a bogus check charge.

Donghi was arrested in New York as a result of the new indictment. Evans is free on bond, but her whereabouts are known.

Russell Newfeld, the third non-fugitive, was picked up by the FBI at a hospital in Chicago where he worked as part of a work-release program with the House of

Correction. He was serving a sentence resulting from a conviction on charges related to disturbances outside the opening of the Chicago Conspiracy trial 24 September.

Both Donghi and Newfeld were arrested the day the warrants were issued.

On 25 July, Jane Spielman, a fugitive Weatherwoman appeared with her attorney at FBI headquarters in New York to surrender herself for trial. FBI are still seeking others named in the indictment who are presently fugitive. These are: Mark Rudd, Bernadine Dohrn, William Ayers, Katherine Boudin, Cathlyn Wilkerson, Ronald Fliegelman, Larry Grathwohl, Naomi Jaffe and Robert Burlingham.

The Detroit indictment contends that 13 Weathermen intended to "use bombs, destructive devices, and explosives to destroy police installations and other civic, business, and educational buildings throughout the country and to kill and injure persons therein."



MARGARET HUDGINS

the day before

The trial of Lonnie McClucas began on 14 July in New Haven. This marks the beginning of the trial of the New Haven 9—8 members of the New Haven Black Panther Party and Chairman Bobby Seale—all of whom face the death penalty. The railroadng of the New Haven 9 is a key part of the government's conspiracy to destroy the Black Panther Party, a conspiracy which has already killed 28 members of the Party and harassed and jailed hundreds of others. Harassment has included denial of bail or such high bail that it amounts to ransom, so that defendants in the New York and New Haven cases have already spent more than a year in jail. Harassment has also been going on inside the prisons.

Margaret (Peggy) Hudgins, one of the four women in the New Haven case, is now suffering from severe arthritis. Fingers too swollen and turned in that she can't braid her hair, knit, or write, elbows with knobs on them, knees swollen, in constant pain, she is receiving NO MEDICATION, NO PHYSICAL THERAPY, NO EXERCISE, POOR DIET. She may soon be irreversibly crippled for life, that is, if she lives. Requests to allow a doctor of her choice to see her have been denied by prison officials. Now we must intensify our efforts to get adequate medical treatment to her.

We can no longer play our usual roles—standing by patiently while our brothers and sisters are jailed, crippled, sentenced to death—and then uselessly demonstrate our guilt and outrage. For too long we have been waiting for The Day After to act. Now it's time to start

moving The Day Before. It's time to show this racist government that we know that the attempt to railroad and destroy the Black Panther Party is an attempt to halt the movement for social justice in America.

Here are some things we can do right now:

1. Send letters, telegrams, and petitions demanding that Margaret Hudgins be given proper medical care immediately by a doctor of her choice to: Warden (Mrs.) Work Niantic State Prison Box 456 Niantic, Conn.

Commissioner McDougal Dept. of Corrections Hartford, Conn.

2. Call or visit the Defense Committee to get more information, daily trial reports, to offer help and funds. 11 East 16th Street, 243-2260.

3. Get a group of people together to go up and see the trial, so the New Haven Railroad cannot go on in secret. Call the Defense Committee for directions, etc., before going.

REMEMBER—THE TRIAL OF THE NEW HAVEN 9 IS ALSO THE TRIAL OF ALL COLONIZED THIRD WORLD AMERICANS.

IT IS ALSO THE TRIAL OF ALL WOMEN WHO ARE STRUGGLING FOR THEIR LIBERATION.

IT IS THE TRIAL OF THE MOVEMENT FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE IN AMERICA.

the man's tech- nology

by MAO C. TONGUE

BEAN BAG

A California rocket manufacturer, MB Associates, has developed a new non-lethal anti-riot weapon. It is a flexible "bean bag" containing about half of a pound of steel shot. The bag is rolled up and loaded into the inch and a half wide barrel of the M-79 grenade launcher (used to fire tear gas cartridges). The bags are propelled at about 120 mph. After firing, the bag expands to a width of about four inches. The impact is sufficient to stun or incapacitate the person who is struck. Because the bag distributes the impact energy over a wide surface area, it is unlikely that the device could kill or maim. The effect of the device would be more exclusively concussive than the effect of the wooden pellet gun described in Argus 25.

Captain Joseph Hill, Assistant to the Berkeley Police Chief, was excited about the device after seeing it demonstrated 15 July and has ordered some to be tested on police ranges and occasional fun-loving citizens of Berkeley.

MB Associates is testing a version of the weapon in which the bag is propelled from a chamber incorporated in a standard police nightstick. The company has been negotiating contracts with the Defense Department to evaluate the bean bag device.

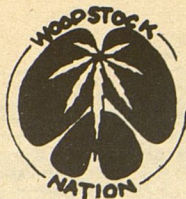
RUBBER BULLETS

British troops employed a new weapon 2 August against people involved in a general riot in Belfast, Northern Ireland.

The device, called a "rubber bullet Baton gun", fires projectiles from the same guns used to fire CS (tear gas) cartridges. The six inch long rubber (probably synthetic) are aimed at the ground and ricochet between ankle and waist height, knocking down rioters.

No information is yet available as to how well this weapon performed in neutralizing the riot. Presumably, one rubber bullet would knock over one rioter. After being deflected off one person, it's unlikely the bullet would retain enough energy to down anyone else.

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COMMUNITY

MORE PIG POLLUTION

People's Parks are busting out and getting busted all over. The kids have to have a place to get together and they tend toward somewhere that most resembles nature and least resembles private property.

The greater the potential for young people having a good time by themselves (or for free), the more uptight reactionary police forces become ("Some of those people are... gasp... making love!") Then the "keep off the grass" signs go up or the park has a "closing time" that's never been observed before or enforcement suddenly begins with vague and discriminatory anti-littering/loitering laws.

And zap! There's a new kind of "riot" for some executive committee to investigate, publicize and make a report which the legislature will ignore or fuck up during the winter when there's nobody in the parks to keep them honest—except of course the James Reectors.

In Ann Arbor down where all the hippies meet is State Street by North University around there and including the northwest corner of the Diag. It is the business center of the new community; the place where visitors are welcomed and accommodations arranged for, it is where our economy is tended to—as "underdeveloped" as that may be—and it is a place where news and information is exchanged. There are generally people around taking care of business or digging the day.

This living community, however, exists without the authorization of, nor by paying tribute to, any established government. In a fascist state this is always a potentially riotous situation.

One day last week one of the sisters threw a take-down with four lids of imported contraband and plentiful liquid refreshment. I was just getting into my

own haze when I see some dude jump up off the bench on the other side of some bushes and the end of the grass. He's got a white shirt, a butch haircut, and a telephone lens on his camera. He keeps looking back as he splits up State.

Not too many minutes later Always Clean Gene Staudemeir comes truckin' out from the Diag takin' the long way around our group of 35 people, but he's lookin' and wavin' at people and sniffin' the air. Then he splits too.

People were still passing the sacrament, singin' and clappin' and talking about "what's one lone pig?" when one lone pig walks onto the campus and towards the party. The people spontaneously began a wiltin', essentially making a bigger circle so the people could observe the pig this time. He emptied all the bottles and cans to the nearest trash container, then split.

There was still more dope so the party got back together again and more people showed up.

I took the Commuter bus ride around the campus. We passed a squad car on North U. going toward the scene. We went down Church to South U. and the street patrol was standing on the corner. Another one was across the street in the next block talking to two officers in another car. And sure enough, as we turned down State St., toward Hill another AAPD car passed us going up.

I said to the student bus driver, "Sure are a lot more of these than there were last year."

"Yes," he said. "They're only riding two in a car though. When they ride four with helmets, then you worry."

For your life over your security maybe.

Point number two:
2. We want an end to all police and military violence directed against the people of the earth right now!

FREE SCHOOL

Point 5-White Panther Ten Point Program

We want a free educational system that will teach every man, woman, and child on earth exactly what each needs to know to survive and grow into his or her full human potential.

In Ann Arbor a new attempt at the educational process is being carried out at the Solstis School.

Solstis is a free communal school that attempts to create a humanistic learning experience for junior and senior high school students in the Ann Arbor area.

The people at Solstis realize that there is no reason to stifle a student's enthusiasm with the extraneous structure present at a typical high school. Everybody (student and teacher) shares all the responsibility. There is absolutely no student teacher relationship, all the people relate to each other equally. Some kids just hang around and don't even take classes, but they still receive much useful learning experience.

The subjects vary from Psychology, foreign languages, Literature, and Botany, to Rock Music, Yoga, Sexuality, Communism, Sensitivity, Women's Liberation, and Communal Barbering. They are not taught in the boring classroom atmosphere present at most schools, but in a imaginatively reative atmosphere that will stimulate the students mind to become more consciously aware.

The center of activity is located at 706 Oakland, (769-2052) It is open from 8a.m. to 10:30 p.m. six days a week. The basic format each day will be determined by each student in cooperation with the instructors and students in the various interest groups.

The Solstis School is being funded by the University Tutorial Project, various private and foundation donors and by money raising projects of the students themselves. They have also recieved commitments of materials and transportation facilities for field trips from Dr. Richard Cutler of the President office of Urban Affairs, and Dean Wilber Cohen from the Educational School. In addition, some of the bookstores have agreed to supply the school. The school still requires about \$500 to attain their complete potential for activity.

Solstis is ideal for street people and anyone else who has rightfully rejected the structured low energy style of education that was thrown at us during our time spent at the state's penitentiary school institutions. Solstis is a much higher leveled attempt to teach us what we need to know to survive and grow into our full human potential.

Anyone interested is asked to attend the meetings held every Monday night at 706 Oakland, at 8:00 pm.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE'S SCHOOL

AMERIKA



They run down that it is because of our courage. We know how courageous we are, but we also know that we are thrown on the front line to kill the Vietnamese and hopefully get killed ourselves. Thus having that many less "niggers" to deal with back home.

Instead, stay here and take care of the home front. The Vietnamese are being forced to accept the American way which has already deprived us of our right to live our lives the way we want to.

The Vietnamese are going through a revolution just like the early Americans who wanted to set up their own type of government, and we are depriving them of that right. Right on—to the Vietnamese people who are putting up a miraculous fight. "They are dying for a cause because."

Never have people taken so much bullshit for so long. Many of us will die during our endeavors to right this wrong which has gone on so relentlessly, but the revolutionary feeling is now instilled in us as we fall, thousands will see the light out of eyes which have been taught not to see and will pick up our banner.

So right on brothers and sisters, for there is no power on earth which can stop us. If this can be a peaceful revolution then that's what we'll have, but be not hesitant to pick up the gun and fight for what is right. We cannot survive with things the way they are. They maim and try to choke us up but remember, in order to kick, beat and kill our asses, they have to bring theirs along.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

j&j
cycle

BSA*Hodaka*Bultaco*BMW
parts and service

1196 Ecorse Road Ypsilanti, Michigan
483-6367

SAN DIEGO PIGS

Last week me and Calvin took a vacation down to California. Before we came back we decided to go to Tijuana. Since I was only 17, I thought since we walked across, that I could sneak or get sent back. Well this one pig named Louie yelled at me to come into the station. I hadn't brought my I.D. so he tried to call my mom in Ypsilanti. She wasn't home so they called the Washtenaw County Pig Sty. After checking my record, which took an hour and a half, they reported me a runaway and had been missing for 7 months! As most of my friends know I am not a runaway. And my mom knew 7 months ago that I was living at Felch St. (so did Harvey)

Anyway I was taken straight to San Diego Juvenile Home where I was in isolation for two days or until I could settle down so I wouldn't upset the other girls. (as if they weren't about to break out of the stinking place anyway)

I was fed, threw up, and then put in a unit where this one girl wanted to kill me because I was white. My P.O. called my dad, who had to wire out the money for me to take an airplane home to Detroit. It took two days for them to tell me the ticket was at the airport. The P.O. took me to the airport, and sat at the gate with me until me and the plane were off the ground, and at L.A. and Chicago airports, I was watched by pigs until I was on my plane. With \$3.16 I got back to Ann Arbor away from the Juvy Hall, but not from the fat headed pigs.

BUST INSURANCE, INC.

Free Weed is an organization in San Francisco dedicated to the legalization of marijuana. Its most important activity, however, is that it is an insurance company of sorts.

Anybody wanting the insurance services of Free Weed files an application and hands over \$50 for the first six months coverage. After that, it costs \$50 for each year. In return the applicant gets \$1500 worth of legal defense when busted for possession of grass and \$5,000 in legal defense when busted for sale. (Probably the insurance appeals most to dope dealers.)

The operation is being initiated by Michael Sudds, a Canadian who last winter put together an insurance program in Victoria B.C. Only three of that company's 500 clients were busted, and their legal fees totalled around \$2000.

FBI REPORT

The Federal Bureau of Investigation, on 13 July, published a report of the agency's activities during the last 12 months. The report called the Black Panther Party the "most dangerous and violence-prone of all extremist groups" in the nation. It charged that "foreign influences" were making "inroads in certain black extremist groups in the United States, particularly the Black Panther Party."

It continued, "Mr. Hoover deplored the fact that, despite its record of hate, violence, and subversion, the Black Panther Party continues to receive substantial monetary contributions from prominent donors." The report stated that "with these funds, representatives have been able to travel widely and make frequent public appearances at colleges, universities, and even secondary schools. In this way, they are able to spread their doctrine of hate and revolution and further aggravate the volatile situation on our campuses."

The FBI report went on to remark upon the Weathermen. "The Weathermen group was in the forefront of much of the activity deliberately calculated to provoke violent confrontations," the Weathermen were characterized as "a small paramilitary organization designed to carry out urban guerilla warfare."



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INFORMATION



More Draft by Zeke

We ran a (Praise the Lord and Shaft the Draft) last time on getting a IV-D draft deferment as a minister or a divinity student. We should have added at least one thing: see a competent draft counselor before you write or say anything to your draft board.

The Selective (dis-) Service laws, regulations, memos, and bulletins, plus varying interpretations of all those things handed down from courts, make up too large and involved a mass of information for a person to understand without months of study.

A draft counselor is a person, connected in no way with the government or the military, who has soaked up enough of this information to be able to advise people of the rights and alternatives, legal and otherwise, open to them. Also, it is often possible for a counselor to steer people to honest but sympathetic doctors, lawyers, and shrinks.

There is a Draft Counseling Center in Ann Arbor, at 502 E. Huron, across the street from A&P. It is open on weekdays from three to five and from seven to nine; on Saturdays from ten to twelve in the morning. The counselors at the center aren't interested in steering people in any direction of making decisions that affect their lives themselves, rather than leaving those decisions in the hands of the faceless bureaucrats of the SSS.

You may have more paths open than you think you do. Aside from the Army of the pig, you can get a conscientious objector classification (you don't have to be a member of a peace church); there are few deferments available to those who can convince the SSS that they qualify, including the IV-D we talked about in the last issue; you can non-cooperate or just disappear; there are some friendly countries willing to accept draft refugees on some terms or other. A draft counselor can get you the information you need on any of the alternatives.

If you are already in the military, and don't particularly dig being there, it won't be easy getting out, but it can be done. Write to the Draft Counseling Center, 502 E. Huron, Ann Arbor, Mi. 48104. Or call 313-769-1414 during counseling hours for a referral. Or drop by, but be cool. The pigs sometimes watch the place.

There isn't any charge for counseling, though contributions are gratefully accepted. The Center gives away a lot of literature. The only source of bread to buy more lit is your contributions.

The White Panther Party has been talking for some time about building a world economy based on the free exchange of materials and energy (WPP 10-point program, point 3). It ought to be possible we maintain, for individuals and groups

to recognize and define real human needs, and without bringing in the corrupting criterion of financial gain, to meet those needs. Nobody needs to go around.

Not all draft-eligible young men in the USA are delighted at the prospect of going out to some swampy place ten thousand miles away to maim babies or get snuffed for the greater glory of the Amerikkkan Empire. There are alternatives; but most young men don't know enough about them to take advantage of them. This is a human need. A few years ago, a group of people recognized this need, and began to mobilize energy and resources to meet it. Hence, the Ann Arbor Draft Counseling Center, which, along with all the other such centers around the country, stands as a shining, if limited, example of the fact that there is nothing in human nature that makes it impossible for people to help one another without getting paid for it or making a profit off of it.

Of the limitations, the most glaring is in the constituency served by the Center. Located near the edge of the U of M campus, it is very much campus oriented. The Center people have tried to find ways of moving among the working class, high school, black, and other minority populations, without much success, perhaps due to the fact that few of the counselors are working class, high school,

black, or other minority group people. If any of the people who have managed to read this far know of any people who fall into any of the above groups, and who would be interested in getting into draft counseling, whether in association with the present Ann Arbor Center or acting independently, there are people at the Ann Arbor Center willing to train them in draft counseling and help them get started.

FEDS FLY'N HIGH

The United States gave Mexico \$1,000,000 in aircraft and financial aid for control of drug traffic across the border. The Mexican Federal police have only 250 men for drug control for the whole country. Penalties have been stiffened for drug law violations, and bail is now denied in such cases.

The five small helicopters and three scouting planes were handed over in a ceremony 13 July near San Diego. An American official said the whole thing was "one of the most historic occasions of cooperation between nations in many years." The aircraft will double the present number of helicopters and planes now used by Mexican feds in anti-dope activities.

MACOMB ROCK FESTIVAL DEFUNCT

A rock festival with 13 bands and an estimated attendance of 40,000, planned to take place in Bruce Township in northern Macomb County, will not occur.

George Hill was going to rent 20 acres of his cow pasture to Group Six Promotions, a Detroit-based organization. His neighbors didn't really dig the idea.

"I've lived on this farm 20 years, and I've never seen people act so crazy," said George.

Hill's neighbors called him late at night to threaten his house with destruction. They vandalized his tractor and threatened to tar and feather him.

A neighbor makes these astounding comments: "The neighborhood people did their best to stop it. We live right down the street, and we were in fear of our property and our lives and everything."

"Some of the men went over at first and tried to talk sense with George. But he wouldn't listen. He was defiant. He was thinking of George Hill, not his neighbors."

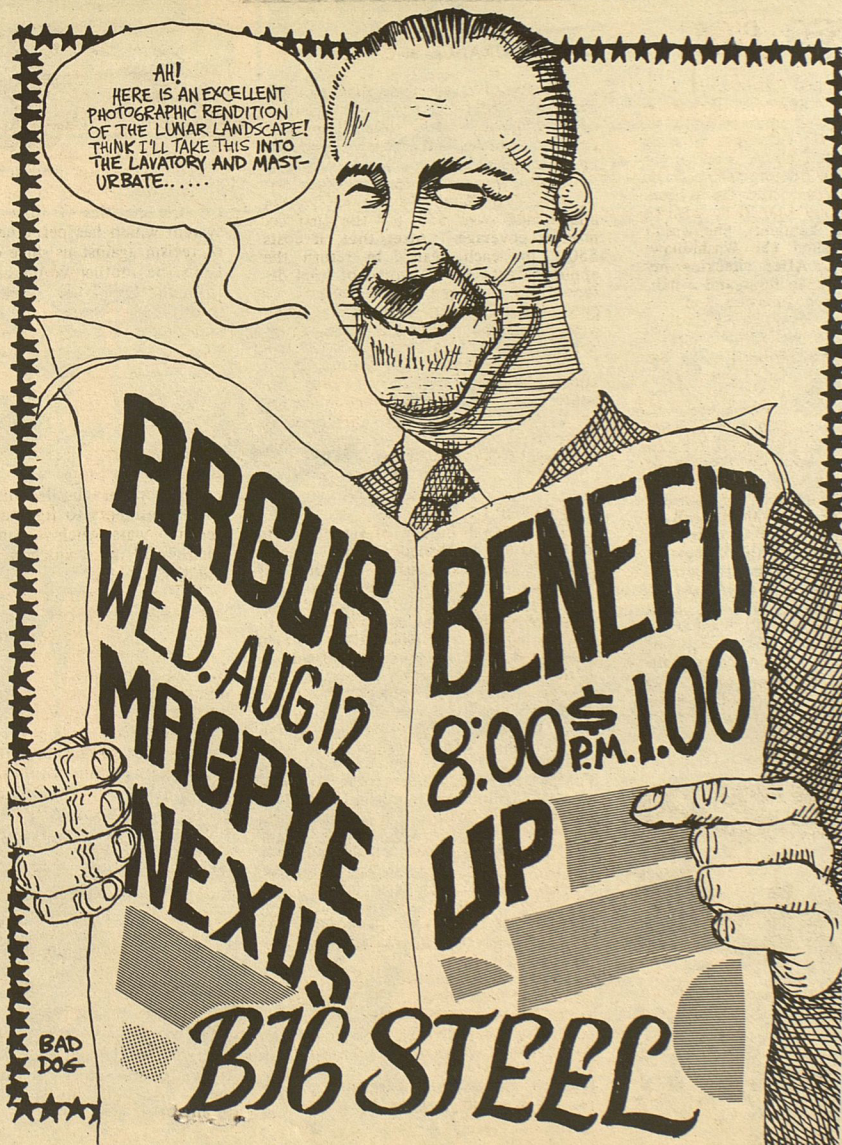
"He told everybody that if the promoters got a legal permit, he'd allow the festival. So we had to step up the pressure."

Another neighbor made this sage remark: "I could just see my house being ground into the dust. Look, you know what happened at Woodstock. No good has ever come from one of these festivals."

The festival, scheduled for 19-20 Sept, was called off. A representative of Group Six Promotions said that another site has been chosen, this time in Oakland County. He declined to specify the location.

CALENDER

- August 7,8,9-Blues Festival Ann Arbor
- Goose Lake Pop Festival Jackson
- August 6,7-Underground Press Media Conference Milwaukee
- August 10-City Council Meeting 7:30 P.M.
- August 5-Pun Benefit Virgin Spring (movie) Canterbury House \$1.00
- Swimming! - meet on diag 1:00 P.M.
- August 11- Possible Tribal Council meeting (Call WPP for info. 761-1709)
- August 12- Argus Benefit! Big Steel Ballroom Magpye, Up; Nexus- 8:00 P.M. \$1.00



Ann Arbor Argus page



In and about

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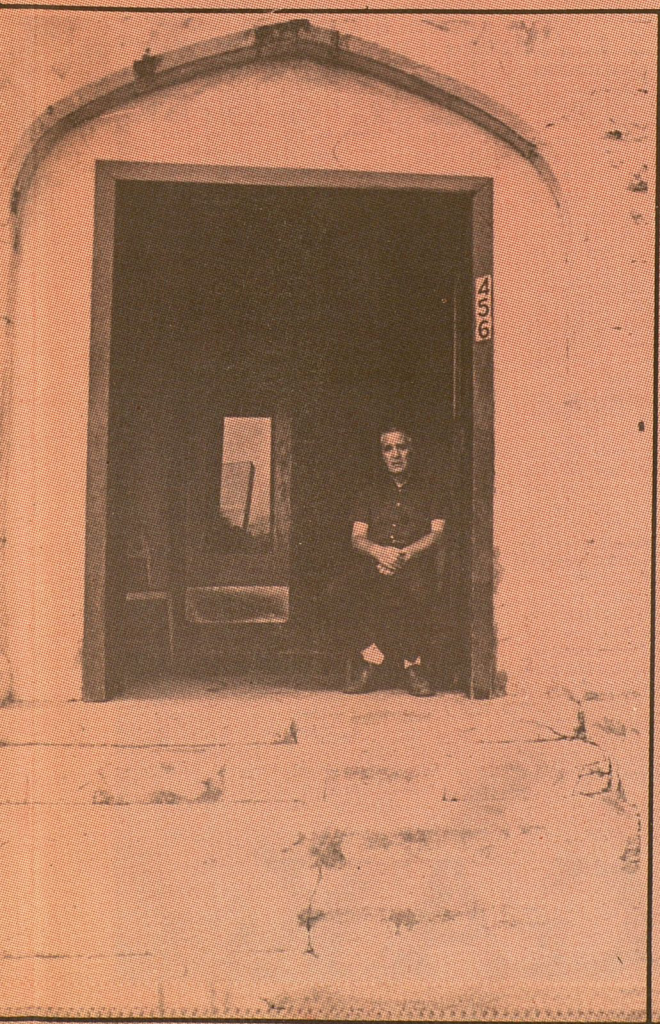


E- ROIT

h dazzling barry Kramer!



photos/b. Kramer



Argus: Run down the circumstances before your imprisonment in Mercywood mental hospital. How did you get there?

Doug: I was an evil kid. I got beat up by my parents, and I went to a social worker hoping to find some relief.

Argus: You went there of your own accord?

Doug: No, my parents put me there because I ran away from home. They caught me, put me there, and tried to make me REFORM. They took me to the Catholic Social Services, and then the social service took me to the juvenile court under Judge O'Brien and Jerry Burrell, who was my caseworker. He fucked me around a lot, chastised me for wearing White Panther buttons, and tricked me into admitting myself to a mental institution—Mercywood.

I said I didn't want to do it. He tricked my parents by telling them that I did want to do it of my own accord, to stay away from them for awhile. He told them that I needed to rest because they were beating me too much, and that I was really broken-hearted that my father would hit me. So my parents were tricked into it and signed the papers. He told me one story and told them a whole different thing. I was there for a week the first time.

Cindy: I went there because I was a runaway, and my father found out where I was staying. I was tripping and he walked in, and promptly took me to Mercywood—I was there for about a week and a half on lockup, and then transferred to Connecticut for about a month.

Doug: The thing about Mercywood is that when you go there you're supposed to be in lockup for only 24 hours. It's a strange thing—when all the young kids come in there, they are kept in lockup until they leave.

Argus: What is the lockup like?

Doug: They've got men's lockup and women's lockup in the basement. It's like this one ward with no way to get out.

Cindy: You aren't allowed to have a comb or a brush. Doug: When I went there I was told I would have freedom of the grounds and a separate room, but I was in lockup all the time.

There's all these old dudes in there from the ages of 40 to 90.

Cindy: Very sick people. They're the ones who run around screaming and try to attack you. You hear them screaming all night.

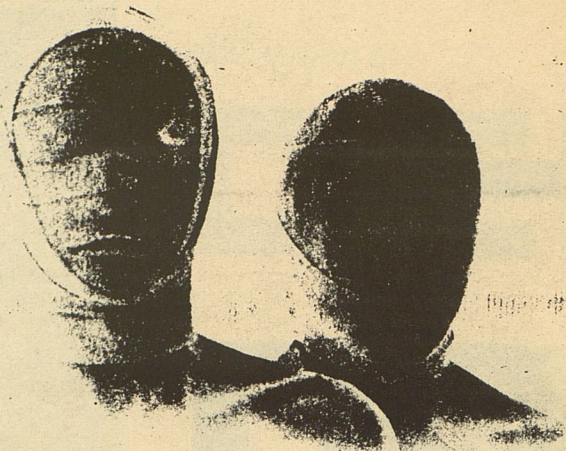
Doug: They used to throw food in my face, and get me in the corner and throw cigarettes at me.

Cindy: They try to cut your hair, they read your mail, and they don't let you make phone calls—nothing.

Doug: But like when old people and straight people come in lockup, they're kept there for 24 hours, and then moved upstairs, where they have freedom of the grounds and freedom to do whatever they want. The young people who are there don't get nothin', except stay in lockup all the time.

In the men's lockup there's like 15 rooms with three or four people in each room. They've also got this little ping pong room that you can use sometimes, and

this interview is with two local crazies, Doug and Cindy [both 18 years old], who spent time in Ann Arbor's mental institution Mercywood. Some parts of the interview, like the fingerprinting story, sound like a fairy tale, and something that could never happen here, but it is all true. The mental institutions in America are run much like our schools, factories and big businesses—the people have nothing to say about what goes on, and the prime motives of the ponks in power are control and money.



WE'RE

take a bath once a week, and they have two nurses watch you take a bath.

Argus: What's the food like?

Cindy: The food's like shit—evaporated, powdered, crapped up crud.

Doug: The second time I went there I was high on LSD and they kept running all these tests on me, shooting all these weird chemicals into my body to see how the LSD would react to it. They used me as a guinea pig.

There's no communication between parents and kids there. Like they tell your parents one thing and they'll tell the kids something else.

Argus: Did it cost money for you guys to stay there?

Cindy: Something like \$75 a day.

Doug: My parents' blue cross paid for it.

Cindy: Mine too. My parents were very pleased to tell me that I had insurance that would cover up to two years.

Argus: Did you ever check out the regular wards?

Cindy/Doug: We never left lockup.

Argus: Well, were the people in the lockup really in the zone? Most of them belonged there?

Cindy: Jesus. Well, there were a couple in there that had committed themselves, just so they could get away

the lounge where you can watch tv and play checkers.

Cindy: The women's lockup didn't even have that. They just have a lounge where you can read, and you have to be in bed by 9:00, get up at 7, and take a nap at 1 in the afternoon.

Doug: The second time I went there I was tripping on LSD, and I kinda freaked out. It was bogue acid with speed and strychnine. I was running around at 3 in the morning with no shoes or shirt on, and the pigs picked me up. I was freaked out—I thought they were going to kill me or something. They took me to the police station and made me take off all my clothes and ten pigs would come into this little interrogation room at various intervals and stare at my body. They fucked with me, searched my clothes, played all these mind games like 'LSD IS GOING TO KILL YOU BOY.'

Argus: What's the difference between the lockup and the regular ward?

Cindy: In the lockup the doors are locked all the time, they watch you constantly and you aren't allowed to have any sharp objects—you aren't allowed to own ANY objects. You can't even have a toothbrush to brush your teeth, unless they watch you. You can

ann arbor BLUES FESTIVAL

AUG. 7-8-9

FRIDAY, Aug. 7, 6:30 p.m.

Roosevelt Sykes
Bukka White
Mighty Joe Young
Jimmy Dawkins
John Lee Hooker
Howlin' Wolf

SATURDAY, Aug. 8, noon.

Lazy Bill Lucas
Juke Boy Bonner
Luther Allison
Fred McDowell
Albert King

SATURDAY, Aug. 8, 6:30 p.m.

Robert Pete Williams
Johnny Shine with
Sunnyland Slim
Johnny Young
Joe Turner with
T-Bone Walker
and Eddie Vinson

Bobby Bland

SUNDAY, Aug. 9, noon.

John Jackson
Little Brother Montgomery
Cary Bell
Buddy Guy
Lonnie Johnson
Otis Rush

SUNDAY, Aug. 9, 6:30 p.m.

Mance Lipscomb
Little Joe Blue
Lowell Fulson
Big Mama Thornton
Junior Parker
Son House

TICKET INFORMATION:

\$10 series ticket (all five concerts)
\$2.50 Friday night concert
\$5 Both Saturday concerts
\$5 Both Sunday concerts

Make check or money order payable to:
Ann Arbor Blues Festival
Michigan Union
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

Please enclose self-addressed, stamped
envelope when you order tickets.

—Only 15,000 tickets are available—

Free camping will be available, but due to city health codes, you must get a free camping pass by July 31 in order to camp on the Festival grounds. Write to the Blues Festival office for these Free camping passes.

OPPRESSOR IN THE MOVEMENT an open letter to Jerry Rubin

Dear Jerry,

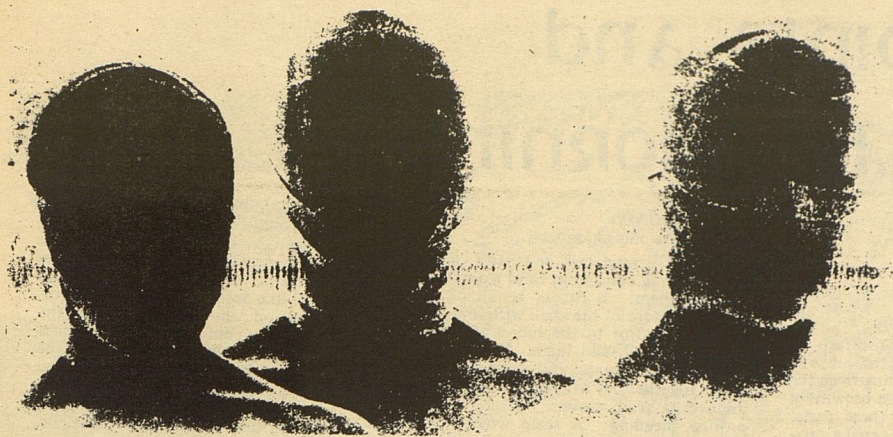
Your book DO IT! is one of the most anti-gay pieces of literature I've seen in current writing—movement or otherwise. Throughout the book, you denigrate the villains of America by suggesting that they are homosexuals. One of the most disheartening things about this is that DO IT! came out in early 1970, a full half-year after the Christopher Street riots and the birth of the Gay Liberation movement. A sensitive and conscious straight revolutionary should quickly become aware of her/his heterosexual chauvinism, should see that this chauvinism unjustly oppresses gay people, and should shortly be able to screen out at least blatant expressions of anti-homosexuality. We get very upset when Che tells us that women in a revolution can prepare a good meal for the male guerrillas when they come home from a hard day's fighting, but perhaps Che didn't have the benefit of a Women's Liberation movement to confront him with his male supremacy and get the wheels turning right. If you could put out a book chock full of anti-homosexuality after six months of gay riots, rapid Gay Liberation growth, and good underground press coverage, you're not as hip and close to the action as DO IT! is supposed to lead us to believe. We're making the new society, Jerry, and our vision is that everyone is going to be liberated. With your very heavy hetero-chauvinism you're ushering in a revolutionary culture that's going to mean continued gay oppression, and maybe even more severe state repression (1959 was a bad turn for Cuban gays, you know). Let's free everyone, Jerry. Us homosexuals, too.

A few examples from DO IT! will

illustrate just what it is you do. "Dick Daley fell asleep every night scratching his crabs (which he got from his closed-door advisory meetings with J. Edgar Hoover)." (p. 163) Hoover and Daley are both contemptible men, and you want to express what's wrong with them. But instead you infer that they fuck together. You intend two men fucking to be taken as a disgusting thing or at best a joke. But that's all screwed up. Daley and Hoover are pigs, they're lackeys, they're fascists. THAT'S what makes them disgusting. If they DID fuck together, that would be the same as any two people fucking together, certainly better than rapes, and certainly no worse than a whole lot of fuck-exploitation of women.

"The entire university administration was drunk, sucking each other off in the back rooms of the university." (p. 227) Ain't nothing wrong with sucking! Talk about what's REALLY objectionable about university administrators, not some intended slur that is in effect an attack on all homosexuals. How are my overweight sisters and brothers supposed to feel if I call some paunchy pig "Fatso?" or my small breasted sisters if I call Pat Nixon "Tiny Tits"? Or my black sisters and brothers if I call Duvalier a "Nigger"? It's an attack on all of them for the wrong reasons. We're about fighting sexism, capitalism, racism, totalitarianism, hetero-chauvinism, imperialism. To put a person down for being fat, flat, black, gay, or for resembling a cartoon character (guilty: the Conspiracy, for calling Hoffman 'Magoo') is oppressive and inhumane. And you've got gay friends too, Jerry—sure you do. You may not know it, because they may be keeping it a secret. Who could blame them, with a fag-baiter friend like you to contend with? Consider how they feel when

GAY

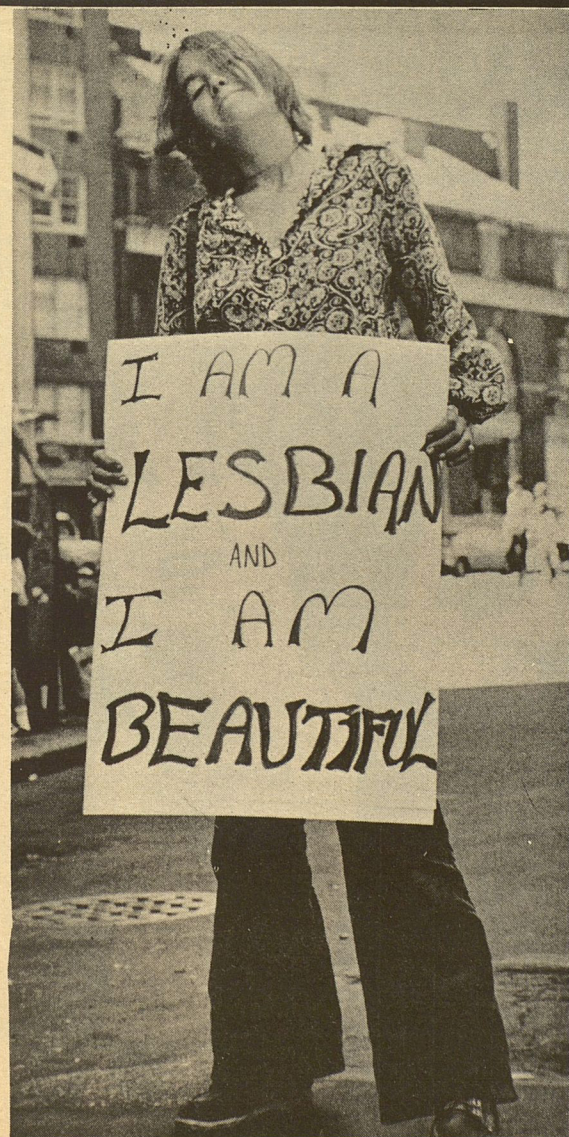


ALL MAD

from life. Like this one lady was gonna get a divorce from her husband if she'd just stay in there overnight—she's been in there for three months, and couldn't get out. Doug: The doctors really fuck people over—they tell them they're crazy, and if you go back home you'll just get worse, you'll have a nervous breakdown, so you might as well stay for another five months. Cindy: They just make the people unable to deal with the outside world, and the people just have to keep coming back and back and back. Doug: There was this one dude who'd been in lockup for 25 years. Argus: Is there any communication between the prisoners at all? Cindy: No, they don't know they're oppressed. They think that this is their life. Most of them don't know what they're doing there. Doug: Plus, they think 'this is what the doctor told me, so this is what's good for me, so I might as well do it.' Cindy: I'd say the great majority of kids in mental institutions are put there because their parents didn't know what to do with them. When I went to Connecticut, all these thousands of kids were put in

this huge ass place because their parents said so. Your parents can get any doctor to commit you, if they pay him, you know. Doug: The state's got a lot to do with it too—juvenile courts, etc. If the parents don't want to send the kid to a juvenile home, the state arranges for a place that's more 'comfortable', like Mercywood, but it isn't comfortable at all. Argus: What kind of 'rehabilitation' programs do they have—did you talk to the doctors every day? Cindy: We talked to the doctors once a week. They have Occupational Therapy, where you go down once every couple of days for ½ hour and do basket weaving and finger painting—all the heavy things. Doug: The doctor would come by once a week for about ten minutes, ask me how I was doing, and wouldn't let me talk to him beyond that. Argus: Do they really feel like they're helping the people there? Cindy: The doctors are the ones who belong there, they're sadistic. Argus: Is it like a superiority ego trip—that they have control of all these people's lives?

Doug: Plus they're making money off of them. They get off on going around all day believing that they have the power to heal all the poor, desolate, crazy people. They run down all this bullshit and the people believe them. Cindy: The doctors are confused—they don't know their heads from their asses. Argus: How did you get out? Cindy: Well, there were no charges that they could actually commit me on. In Connecticut you can take your parents to court. At the end of ten days, if your parents aren't willing to take you up on it—take you to court—you can get out. Doug: The first time, my parents kinda saw that they were wrong, and they got me out. The second time they weren't gonna do it—I was broken out by some brothers. Argus: How could they not be aware of an escape? Doug: That's one of their main things—they give you stellazine and thorazine and seconals. They give you medication like four times a day. In Connecticut, these girls in our ward would be fed such an overdose of stellazine and thorazine that they'd pass out on the floors. Doug: It's a guinea pig center. They push all this dope on people, and people don't know it. They trust their doctor—they think they won't get well if they don't take their medicine. Cindy: And the people start to really flip out, because all the medication makes them forget things, and they think they're really sick. It's the drugs that do it in the mental institutions. The dope—like downs—makes you schizoid. There was this little old lady who went around talking to the plants all day, and finally she attacked one of the nurses with a fork. It's really a bad integration—like a chick who had been in the ward for smoking dope was next to this lady who had been in a prison camp and clawed at her sheets every night, and stuff like that. They don't give a damn—they just put everyone in together. Doug: All the nurses and orderlies treat the people like babies—pat them on the back, carry them around and wipe their asses. People aren't given any responsibility or feel any self-reliance. There aren't any programs for the people to accomplish something with their minds. Cindy: The state wants them to vegetate—they get money from the state and from the people. They say 'take your medicine, and you'll get better', as if pill-popping Amerika needs more medicine to get better. The sad thing is that people think they need mental institutions. People like my mother commit themselves, and they love it because they don't have to deal with this fucked up reality. They want to be a vegetable. They've been fucked over by the society and they're looking for some escape.



you put them in the same category as Daley, Hoover & Reagan under the derogatory heading "cocksucker". You force us into a position where we have to defend those pigs from your opportunistic attacks. Keep pushing me, Jerry, and you'll find me allied with some ruling class pig who is also homosexual—allied against a common oppressor—that great freedom fighter Jerry Rubin. I couldn't be liberated in Yippie society as long as something so central to my life as my sexuality is an object of ridicule. Let's get our vision into shape so that all the oppressed peoples will fight to win its realization. Next time you gay-bait a pig, remember that you're attacking MY homosexuality. Don't use it as a weapon—not against anybody. The Pig Class uses people's oppressions as tools...our arms are revolutionary. "Fuck bureaucrats, especially the 'nice' Deans of Men who put one hand around our shoulders while the other hand gropes for our pants." (p. 215). You should be able to raise specific, and actual objections to bureaucrats, not mythical ones. After Tom Foran spoke of the Conspiracy as the "freaking fag revolution", Stew Albert wrote that somewhere buried deep in Foran's balls is a homosexual. It's ironic that DO IT! places you, the object of Foran's vicious gay-baiting, well at the top of my scale of heterosexual supremacists (I once mistakenly told Foran that I thought HE was the leader). So what's in YOUR balls, Jerry? What if we met and liked each other? I might put one hand around your shoulders while the other hand gropes for your pants, just like a nice Dean of Men. I'd be expressing something I felt for you, honestly. Once we overcome the fear we've been taught, lift the barriers, and start to open up where before was suppression,

then we can begin to eliminate considerations of gender in human relationships. Perhaps we could love one another, brother. As I write this you're in prison. Nothing but men. It's an opportunity for broader experiences, a new evaluation. In your loneliness, do you welcome a person's touch? A man can be tender, affectionate, human. A man might arouse you. Would you let it happen? What if it somehow got out that you were having sex with fellow inmates? I guess it would shatter your reputation as a rooster. Is the old image worth saving? What do you think, Jerry, about the Gay Liberation movement? We're bigger now—the wildfire's spread from New York all across the country, to Billings, Montana; Normal, Illinois; Tallahassee, Florida. We're even taking it to Cuba. I'm leaving in a few days, going down with Nancy. People tell me to keep my damn gay mouth shut... I'll be expelled or end up in jail or in a rehabilitation camp for a 'cure'. But you know I'm gonna fight like hell. We're stronger now—marches, rallies, media broadcasts, dances, forums, 'integrating' bars, concerts, carnivals (seven of us got attacked by some angry heterosexuals—I wonder if they were incited by your DO IT! anti-gay propaganda—maybe they associated us in their minds with "cocksuckers" like Hoover, Reagan, and Daley), and following from that, self-defense classes. We even took a building at the University of Chicago and held a big Gay Guerrilla Dance in defiance of an official university ban on Gay Liberation Dances. YIPPEE!! So what do you think of that last masterpiece of yours? What do you think about yourself? Have we reached you, Jerry? OUT OF THE CLOSETS INTO THE STREETS! BETTER BLATANT THAN LATENT!

GAY

smoke two joints and call me in the morning

First Aid Page

BELLY WOUNDS

Dress wound and treat for shock

Do not try to replace any organs, such as intestines, which may be protruding from the belly. If it is necessary, however, to move an exposed intestine onto the belly in order to cover the wound adequately, then do so. Cover the wound with a sterile dressing (from a first aid packet) and anchor it in place with the dressing tails. Do not attempt to moisten the dressing, for this would be apt to introduce more germs into the wound. A dry sterile dressing only is used to cover the wound. Use an additional dressing if one does not completely cover the wound. Since the length of the dressing tails does not allow for more than one or two turns of bandage about the casualty's body, use additional strips of cloth to anchor the dressing. Excessive pressure can cause additional injury. Do not give (or allow the casualty to take) food or fluids. Anything taken by mouth can pass out through the injured intestines and spread contamination in the belly. If evacuation is delayed, the casualty's lips may be moistened to help alleviate his thirst. Since the casualty is apt to vomit, position him on his side to prevent his choking.

Treat the casualty for shock before it occurs.

JAW WOUNDS

Prevent choking on blood

If a man is wounded in the face or neck, action must be taken to prevent his choking on blood. Bleeding from the face and neck is usually severe because of the many blood vessels in these parts. First, stop the bleeding by exerting pressure over the wound area with a sterile first aid dressing. If the casualty is unconscious, check his mouth for pieces of broken teeth or bone and loose bits of flesh. If dentures are present, remove them and place carefully in the casualty's pocket. Dentures must be removed to prevent his choking. Next, bind the dressing in place to protect the wound. If the jaw is broken, pass the dressing tails up to and tie them over the top of the casualty's head to lend support to the jaw. An additional first aid dressing may be used to tie under the chin for added support, but you must allow enough freedom of the jaw to permit drainage from the mouth. Do not bandage the mouth shut. Direct all bandaging support towards the top of the casualty's head. Do not apply bandaging support towards the back of the casualty's neck (this pulls the jaw back and can interfere with his breathing), especially if he is unconscious. If he is unconscious, position him on his side or on his belly with his head turned slightly to one side to prevent his choking on blood. If he is conscious and chooses to sit up, have him lean forward with his head down to permit free drainage of blood from his mouth. Treat him for shock but do not use the "face-up, head-low" shock position.

HEAD WOUNDS

Do not give morphine

A head wound may consist of one of the following conditions or of a combination of them: a cut or bruise of the scalp; fracture of the skull with injury to the brain and/or to the blood vessels of the scalp, skull, and brain. Usually, serious skull fractures and brain injuries occur together. It will be easy for you to discover a scalp wound because of the profuse bleeding. A scalp wound may need nothing more than the treatment outlined in paragraph 3. Internal injury of the head, however, will be more difficult for you to discover.

Check for head wounds if a casualty—

1. Is now or has recently been unconscious.

2. Has blood or other fluid escaping from the nose or ears.
3. Has a slow pulse.
4. Has a headache.
5. Is vomiting.
6. Has had a convulsion.
7. Is breathing very slowly.

Do not give morphine to a casualty who has a head injury. Morphine hides signs or symptoms that medical officers should see in order to know what to do for the casualty. If also causes breathing to slow down and may even cause it to stop.

Do not place the casualty's head in a position lower than the rest of his body. If he is unconscious, remove from his mouth false teeth and other objects which might choke him.

A casualty with a head injury should be promptly evacuated on a litter. When moving an unconscious casualty, keep him lying on his side or on his belly with his head turned to one side to prevent his choking on secretions, blood, or vomitus.

CHEST WOUNDS

Chest wounds which result in air being sucked into the chest cavity are particularly dangerous. The chest wound itself is not as dangerous as the air which goes through it into the chest cavity. Because of a valve-like action of the wound, during expiration air does not leave the pleural cavity but builds up pressure which not only collapses the lung on the injured side, but also will eventually partially collapse the other lung.

The casualty's life may depend upon how quickly the wound is made airtight. Have the casualty forcibly exhale (breathe out), if possible, and hold his breath while you seal the wound. To seal the wound, apply the metal foil side of the waterproof paper wrapping of the first aid dressing directly over the wound.

Caution. Do not touch the inside (foil side) of the dressing wrapper when it is to be used for this purpose.

Apply the first aid dressing over the waterproof paper which covers the wound and exert pressure with the open hand. This pressure may be maintained by an assistant or even by the wounded man himself if he is able. Anchor the dressing in place with the dressing tails. Due to the limited length of the dressing tails, you will have to use additional bandaging material, such as strips of clothing, shelter half, blanket, poncho, etc., in order to create enough pressure over the dressing to make the wound airtight. The strips of bandaging material should overlap and should exert firm, evenly distributed pressure over the entire dressing. If the casualty finds it more comfortable to sit up, allow him to do so. If he chooses to lie down, however, encourage him to lie on his injured side so that the lung on his uninjured side can receive more air.

PASS THIS COPY ON TO A FRIEND

Dedication: This album is dedicated to the people in our struggle to bring sanity to the world now!; to NASA for getting the people to the moon, thus giving the world a new chance to expand together universally in peace; to Johnny Cash & Paul McCartney for their integrity in times of darkness; and to President Nixon: "We love you cuz you need it." Peace, brothers & sisters, music proves that there can be peace of mind even in these trying times. It is the gentlest form of communication, so we hope that you will enjoy these songs and that you'll pass this copy on to a friend when you've "Gotten the Message." Steve Miller

STEVE MILLER BAND

Album Titled:

NUMBER FIVE

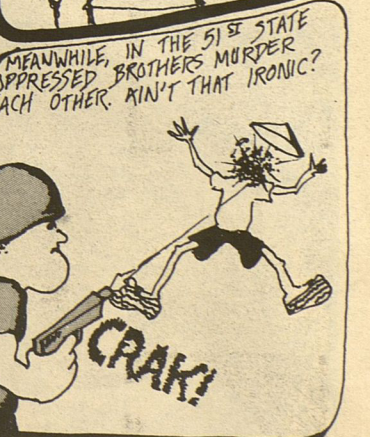
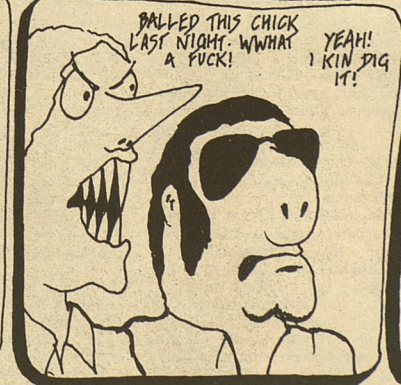
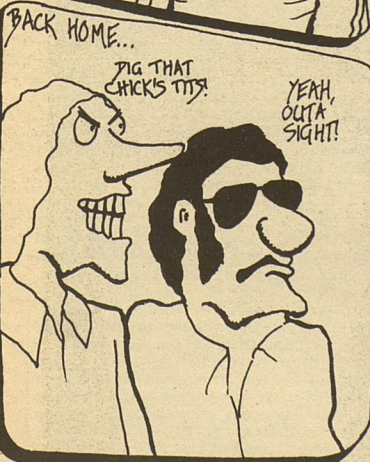
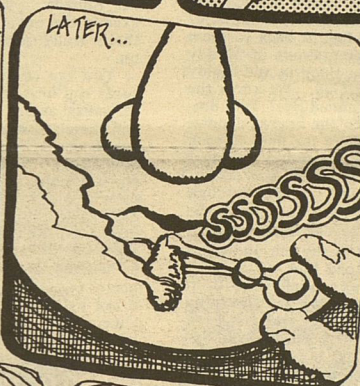
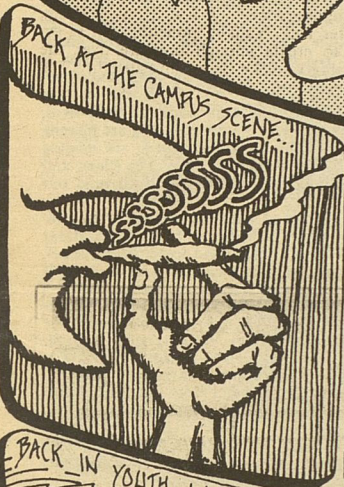
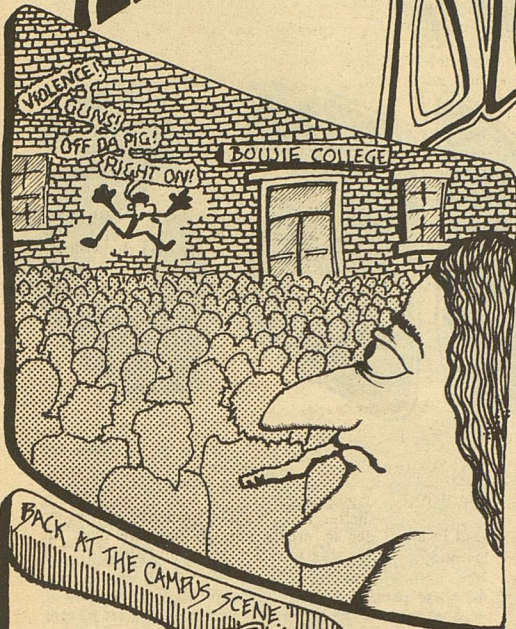
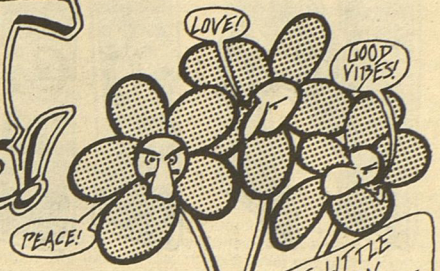


THE CRAZED RADICAL MEDIA PRESENTS A
SPECIAL FEATURE ON...

THOSE ILLUSTRIOUS

DECADENT PEOPLES!

BY THE PEOPLE'S COMMITTEE TO ALIENATE THE MASSES.



KILLER BLUES

a his/tory by John Sinclair

It's killer hard to write about the blues, as it's hard to write about any music, but more so for the blues. Blues developed as the cultural expression of a dispossessed people, slaves ripped off from their own culture and forced to live and work in a totally alien culture, one that was considerably more than just hostile to their own. Blues was the cultural expression of an illiterate people struggling with a language that was totally alien to their mouths and minds, but the only language they had in common with each other (coming from so many disparate tribes in Africa) and with the oppressor, who was, after all, the object of their speech, and increasingly, the subject as well.

Blues was never meant to be written about. Blues was there to be sung, played and felt. Blues was the articulation of a people's consciousness just as this writing in process here is the articulation of a current people's consciousness. More simply put, blues was the formal speech of that people, and the musicians served as the teachers and carriers of the culture from generation to generation, just as in any illiterate culture. The bluesmen, for the black Africans enslaved in America, served the same cultural purpose as Homer and Hesiod did in pre-literate Greece. The musicians were the teachers and codifiers, prime men of their culture, and the music was not to be taken lightly. It was simply the formal literature of the blacks, born out of their struggle with the white man, with the land, with the terrible brokenness of their families and tribes, with the alien tongue of the white man in their mouths.

This is important, because we Westerners have been given music as a luxury, a conspicuous luxury at that. In a capitalist society this luxury is despised, as LeRoi Jones once put it, "the white man has nothing to commerce and industry and the personal [material] gain. American music is despised and vilified, treated as criminals [as indeed we are] as we are effective as artists in this decadent society, and shot down in the streets, dragged into jails, and thrown in jail, hounded and harassed all our lives by the responsible citizens of commerce and trade whose culture is best embodied by Ed Sullivan and Kate Smith, or Lawrence Welk and Liberace, or Van Cliburn, whoever, punk-ass Leonard Bernstein held up as the apotheosis of America's formal culture. Entertainment, as something you go on the weekends or after work at night home taking in all the vile pabulum spewed out of the television set. Luxury. What You Could Do Without. No sense, these people in this culture have no sense of the immediacy of music, the quick feel of it, the way it can shape you life and take your life's shape as you give yourself to it every moment of your life, as a first term in that life.

Blues was like that, and is like that, for the people who live with it as a first term. That's why the blues is so strong, because people LIVE with it, breathe it, LIVE it that strong, and in the face of an almost absolute repression that will make you strong if you last or kill you if you don't get strong, just like that. People sleep with the blues at night, tuck the blues, smoke it, eat it, feel it around their chair. The blues is the expression of a living culture, an oppressed culture living consequently a high-intensity life, a high-energy living culture which feeds on the music as it does meat and feeds the music back into the living culture which feeds it back into the music, and each time the cycle repeats, gains in intensity and feeling, pushing people out of their heads completely and entirely into their living bodies. Wkw! The killer self-charging and recharging energy cycle that moves people out of stasis [in ecstasy] and into pure motion.



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This may all be too abstract, or whatever, but it's really worth saying even if none of us even understand it now. We will. Because we are going to have to know these things, that will make us strong. We are an oppressed people too, now, whether we like it or not, or whether or not we want to admit it. And though the peculiar quality of quantity of our oppression differs from that of the blues people the oppression is constant and will work to bring our culture closer to theirs, and will unite us in our common struggle against the common oppressor. And the music is what will bring us together finally, as we relate to the music of their culture and feed on it, and feed it back to them through their music. Dig the Temptations or Muddy Waters latest sides for that, or Jimi Hendrix and Buddy Miles and for that matter, Buddy Guy. We know the other equation well enough too—Canned Heat, Paul Butterfield, Fleetwood Mac, MCS, even the English dandies Clapton, Page, Beck, Alvin Lee, down the line, all rock and roll in fact is derived from and inspired by the blues and its modern forms, rhythm and blues and now soul.

Naming names is beside the point, though, although that act does make for easy reference. Too easy. The blues music and culture gave rise to our freaky culture.

Blues music is the cities rhythm and blues people, and it's hard to know us and that we are with them, strange as it seems, they been catching hell from our daddies, all their lives and here we are almost as crazy as them, or trying to be anyway, and just look what we could have been. Still, here we are, full of our crazy glory, and we wouldn't trade it for a goddamn thing. That black music has worked its blue magic on our ass, and we now can't articulate it, we can't articulate it worth a shit. We don't need to take it home with us to bed, and fuck it and sleep with it and feel it and feel it inside us, twisting at our guts and bringing us out of our fathers' heads and into this world, weird as it is.

What is it that has developed into a bridge between the black culture that has inspired us, and the freaky white mother-fucker music culture we have developed out of that inspiration, through tons of LSD and marijuana and into our current madness? A lot of it don't even know where we came from, culturally that is, but that is a condition of our oppression just as the first generations of blacks in America didn't know where their culture came from either. It was just there with them in them, OF them, and they played it out just as we do now. We will teach our generations, though, just as the current black generations are teaching their young about their roots. I mean there are people who live rock and roll who hate niggers, they know that little about their own roots. But then there are people who hate this mother-fucker, it doesn't do any, one any good to hate where they came from like that—the best thing is to dig it and see how it works, dig the process, so you can apply it wherever you can. Dig that.

I would likewise assume that the people who are reading this piece at this blues festival here in Ann Arbor, I would assume that we are at least getting hip to our roots and love it and want to get closer to it now. That's why we're here. Because there is no such thing as just relating to the music and not the sociology of music—IS the social order, and must be taken in like that, or you are blowing it. That's one thing that is so beautiful about the blues—the music is so much the life and the life so much of the music, that it's still a whole thing where and when those conditions obtain. I mean Howlin Wolf is NOT at all separate from his music. Nor is Son House for that matter. Nor, for that matter, are the Rolling Stones, or the White Blues Band here in town.

I keep wanting to talk about two different things, or what looks to most of us like two different things, but what I keep wanting to say is that they are NOT separate at all, but the same: the music itself, and its singular history; and the music as the expression of a fully-developed culture, that is, a culture developed as fully as its music is developed. And the other thing, that we are developing a culture that has as its most exciting aspect—outside of the culture itself—its commonness with the blues culture, in that our music at its best is a direct expression of the people who make the music, of their lives, and it shapes those lives, again, just as the lives shape the music. That is, our culture is a whole thing where and when those conditions obtain.

You can read the list of names for this festival, but remember that for most of them this is not at all a listing of stars or whatever. But a list of men and women who play the blues, get drunk, fight, gamble, get high, fuck, play the blues some more and live it like that, and the music is not a thing, as ART or something alienated from the lifeblood of the culture, but it IS the culture of these people, THE formal expression of their lives, and unless you can relate to it like that you are missing the fullness of the blues experience, you are missing exactly the quality that makes the blues The Blues, and that's really something too high-powered to miss out on.

You can come here and hear the music, or buy records and hear the music at home, so I won't talk about the music at all. You can hear it and feel it for yourself, and there's absolutely nothing I can tell you about that experience. You shouldn't even want me to tell you about that. And you can read bios and press releases and little stories on the Silver Screen model about the facts of the lives of these men, but that ain't it at all. Their lives refuse to be capsulated except in the music itself. Unlike a lot of white men and white musicians, there's a lot more to these men's lives than could ever be written down. They invent their lives, while too many of us live out lives that were invented for us, if not by any immediately recognizable person or thing [like a press agent or a screen magazine] then by some inanimate thing like television and the movies.



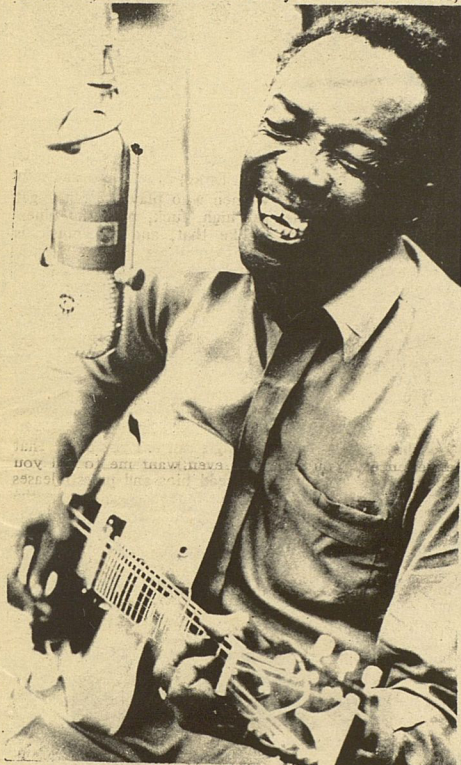
These men live their music full time. And the music isn't at all 'made up,' or anything like that. They MAKE the music, and the music makes them. There are exceptions, but the most vital of these blues people illustrate that condition perfectly. Son House, again, or Lightnin' Hopkins, T-Bone Walker, Sleepy John Estes, J.B. Hutto, Muddy Waters, John Lee Hooker. Who is Otis Rush? Why, he plays the blues, and Mike Bloomfield just produced his latest record. But that ain't it at all. I mean, there's more to it than that. While Eric Clapton or Jimmy Page were invented by their managers and their promoters, that's simple enough to see. Janis Joplin. Do you know what I mean?

I mean the blues is natural music, brothers and sisters, and we can relate to it just like that, we can relate to it like that, and we can learn a lot about ourselves and the world if we do. To talk about this music and these musicians in music business terminology is foolishness. It's a matter of fact that Big Boy Crudup was a 'major influence' on the early Elvis Presley, or that T-Bone Walker was the first popularizer of the electric guitar, or that B.B. King once played and sang with Count Basie's band but got tired of being so abstracted from the blues, or that Charley Musselwhite is a white boy from Memphis who hung out with the white young Chicago blues players and now has two Detroit boys in his band, or that Billy C. used to play with Sam Lay, or that James Cotton was Muddy Waters' harp player. These things don't serve to explain these men away. The blues is not Western art in any term, nor is it Western history, as some isolated sequence of events. The blues is a whole thing. Dig it like that, and get down in it. And it will take you from there, as far as you will go. If you are ready, it will take you where you have to go.

THE WOLF

This interview with the Howlin' Wolf was originally printed in "Living Blues", a new magazine out of Chicago. Subscriptions are \$2.00 for four issues, and should be mailed to Living Blues, 917 West Dakin Street, Room 405, Chicago 60613.

WOLF: I don't play anything but the blues, but now I never could make no money on nothin but the blues. That's why I wasn't interested in nothin but the blues, you know. Course, now, I ain't gon pull no hot water on somebody else cause he like jazz, how-high's-the-moon and who-bop-a-dop. That's his business. But me, I just like them old blues. The reason I play em, I come up hard. I suffered em, a lot of places. Person ain't never had no hard times, why, they don't know what the blues mean anyway. Take this young generation. They don't understand it. They're tryin to learn it. But see, men from me on back up, they know what it means... Take these peoples over here. They wouldn'ta even know, they wouldn't even a thought about the Black sounds as well as they do until the English boys come over here and made a fortune and went back home, you see. Then everybody wanted to know the Black sounds. They know that was a good sound, you know. They was out there playin that longhair music—hillbilly music. But now they—just about every young cat you see playin anything, he gon' play him some blues before he done, because conditions make you have the blues,



"I was born with the blues, I eat with the blues, I sleep with the blues—man, I know it's just simply the truth." —John Lee Hooker—

makes you be content, you know. If you ain't got it, you got to be content.

LIVING BLUES: Why do you think young black people today don't like the blues as much?

WOLF: Well, he don't understand it. Forty percent of dudes, they say they don't like the blues, but whenever they get to a place and get to drinkin, then they fall right back on this old inherit, you know—the blues. Oh, you let him tell it out there, why, he got his hair slick and he start out he don't like the blues. But as soon as he get out there and get to drinkin, you watch his attitude. Every time he run to the jukebox, he gon' put some B.B. King or Muddy Waters on, you know. And beat everybody in the house stompin to it. That's the way it is with these here Blacks, you know. My people. Can't leave your inheritance, I don't care how far you go. You got to look back at it. To save your skin. I might be wrong, but that's the way it seems to me.

LB: Do you prefer playing blues clubs or concerts?

WOLF: Well, I just like to play anywhere. I play the blues clubs, concerts... it doesn't matter.

LB: I notice, like, Muddy Waters doesn't play the clubs much anymore. Does...

WOLF: Well, I can't speak for Muddy Waters. They play different places and I hope 'em good luck at it. I don't have anything to say about the guy. You know, he treat me all right. I can say this: There are jealous artists, musicians. See, if you can't do like this, there's some of 'em that get kinda jealous of you—feel like they think you better than they are. But I don't fool with those kind of people. I ain't got the time.

LB: I'd like to know where you were born. I've heard it's Arkansas and Mississippi both.

WOLF: Well, I was born in Aberdeen, Mississippi. That's about 160 miles beyond Memphis, between Memphis and Jackson on Highway 45 goin south. I grew up in Arkansas, around Forrest City, West Memphis, and like that. I come to Chicago in '52, around about '52.

LB: When did you make your first recording? Were these made before you came to Chicago?

WOLF: Yes, I made my recordings with Chess—Leonard Chess—Chess and Checker. That was in '48 when I first started out really to makin records. But I playin for 35 years—I been playin long before I start to cuttin records, doin' out the South.

LB: What was your first record?

WOLF: Oh, "Smokestack Lightnin'", I think. (Note: *Blues Records 1943-1966* by Leadbitter and Slaven, lists Wolf's first record as "Saddle My Pony/Worried All the Time", Chess 1515, made in West Memphis in 1948).

LB: Who taught you how to play harp?

WOLF: Rice Miller.

LB: Second Sonny Boy?

WOLF: Yeah... The first Sonny Boy they say got killed here in Chicago. But Rice Miller was my man that I learned from, though. He married my sister—half-sister. When I got chance to learn how to blow the harp.

LB: Who do you think is the best harp player? Besides yourself.

WOLF: Well, I don't go into these things. I don't know. I don't make no comments on musicians. Ain't got time to turn you all smart because I might be talkin' somethin' I don't know. The fact of it is, I just don't make 'em, why, they know they gonna get their writers' share, you know.

LB: Do you know Jeff Beck?

WOLF: Jeff Beck? I don't reckon I do.

LB: He recorded "I Ain't Superstitious." He's got an English blues group.

WOLF: Well, I'm glad somebody thought enough of it to take it and do somethin' with it, you know. Maybe they could do somethin' with it. Maybe the next fella can do more with it than I. But I don't feel bad about it because when somebody take your number and use it, why that's lettin' 'em know that they really appreciate your sound, you know. I wished a lot of 'em would take 'em.

LB: Some of your former sidemen are playing with white bluesmen, like Paul Butterfield.

WOLF: I never played with Paul. Paul's a nice boy. The one thing I feel about Paul, he kept the colored boys until he got straightened out like he wanted. From me—he took 'em away from me, you know, and now he done put 'em down and got somebody else. That's the only thing I felt bad about him. When he was startin' he got a lot—a couple of my good musicians and kept 'em awhile. I don't know what the breakup was, but I asked the musicians what was the breakup. But they never did tell me. I ain't never got to see Paul and ask him why he didn't keep 'em. Course, sometimes musicians get unruly and you have to put him down. But I still would want to know what happened.

LB: Who were those musicians?

WOLF: My drummer, my bass player. Sammy Lay for one, and Jerome Arnold was the other one.

LB: Are you going to play guitar tonight or just harp?

WOLF: Yes, I play some guitar you know. Sometime I always let Hubert play because he's a young man and I want him to be seen. I partly raised him, you know. Always keep him out there to the front and I do the singin'. But if he get kinda sluggish with it, then I'll play.

LB: Who's in your band now?

WOLF: I have Hubert, the lead guitar player—Hubert Sumlin. Then I have my bass player—his name's Calvin Jones, but we all call him Fuzzy. And my drummer's named Willie Williams and my piano player's named Detroit Junior.

make it to talkin' about musicians and people like that.

It's like some of 'em say, right now, they call my kind of music folk songs. But them no folk songs—them old blues. And if it ain't that, it's rock 'n' roll. It's still blues. Old gutbucket stuff...No, I don't care what you're doin', but if you down in a four-bar intro—I mean a 12-bar with a four-bar intro, you playin' the blues. You step the stuff up and you're playin' rock 'n' roll, then you turn it around and play jazz, you know.

LB: Can you tell us about the psychedelic album you made for Chess?

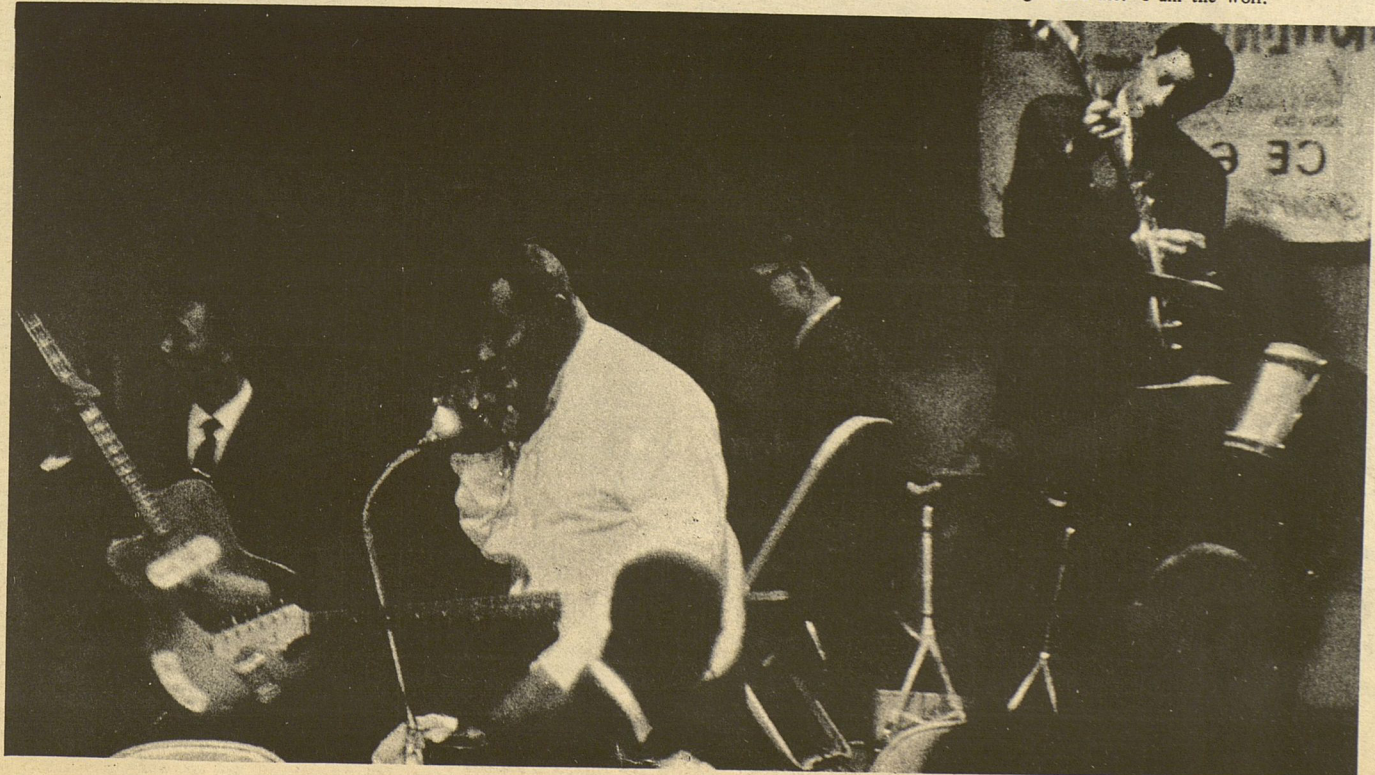
WOLF: Oh, well, that was Marshall Chess's ideas, you know. I never did go for it and never did like it 'cause that queer sound, that bow-wow. I just don't like it. I still don't like it. But the teenagers go for it, you know. So he's out there, a young man out there with the young crowd, so I just made it for him, you know. Well, I been with him ever since he was a baby, you know. I been with that company ever since that boy was a baby. I got a new one now, if they goin' on and turn it loose, "I'm into Hard Luck and Ain't Doin' No Good." (Note: Chess 2081.)

LB: Are you still writing your own songs?

WOLF: Some of 'em. Some of 'em I get from different fans, you know. Give 'em their portions, their writers' portion when the royalties come out. I get some from the white groups, from the colored groups, from the Puerto Ricans...They always keep me in song 'cause I

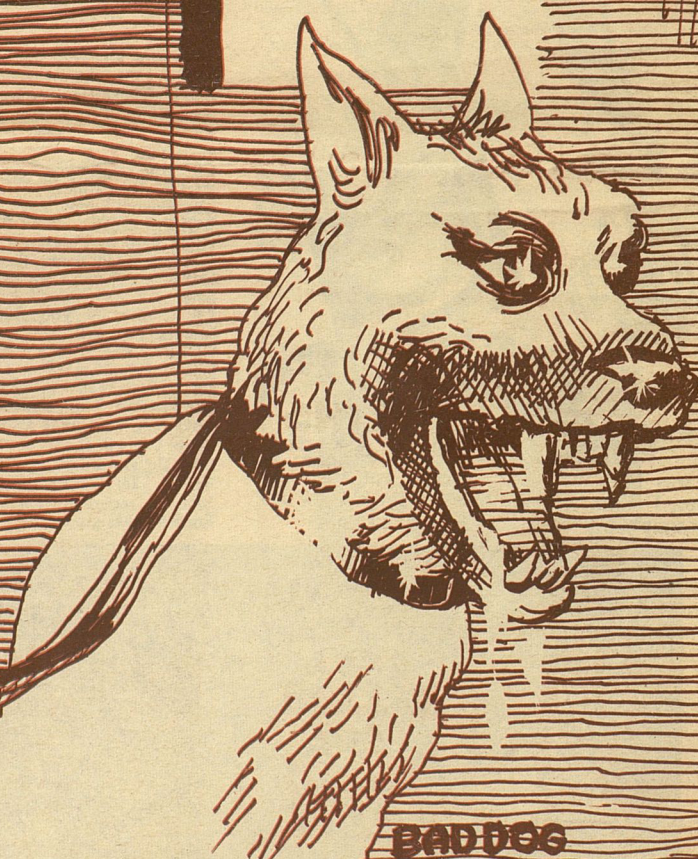
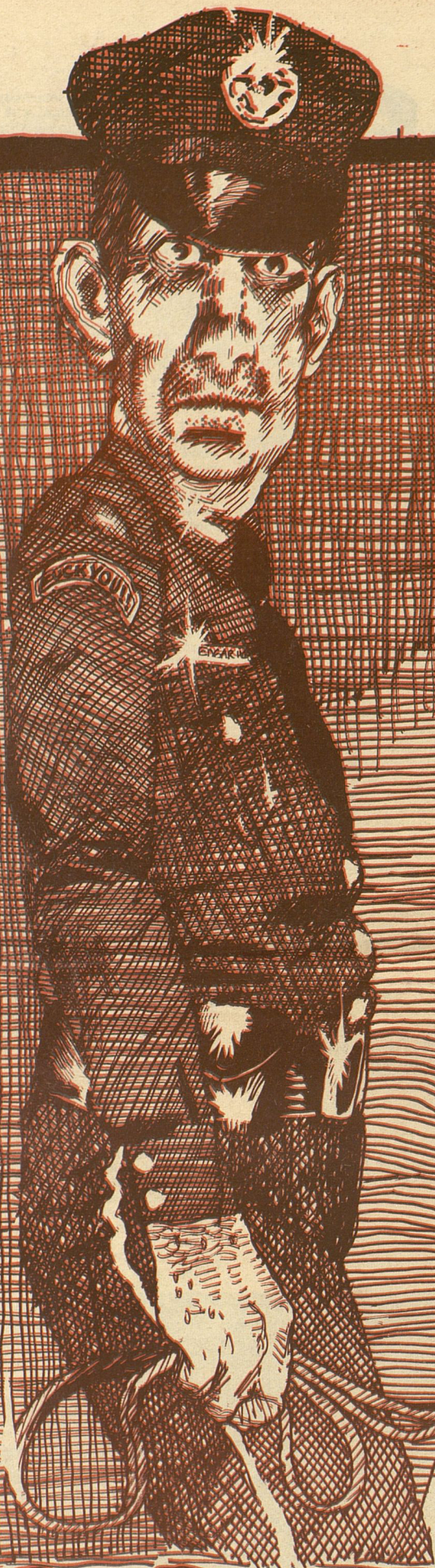
LB: He's made records on his own?

WOLF: Yeah, that's Detroit. Yes, he fool around and fell on his way. He's a good musician, alright...He can't keep his musicians straight, and just give it up for awhile, he say. Guys wouldn't do right for him. I don't blame him a bit. When you're playin', you got a contract signed with people. You got to be there, and they lookin' for your man. Some people, they get carried away with somethin' else and we late gettin' to the job, you know. Nothin' you can do about it, you know. Either keep 'em or let 'em go...Yeah. But he fell on the wayside. I'm carryin' him along till he get another break. And my horn player, tenor sax blower, Willie Young. And me. I am the Wolf.



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